

STEEL STERLING MAN OF STEEL

NO.
20

NOV.
10c

ZIP

COMICS

I'M SURE PROUD TO
WELCOME YOU TO
ZIP COMICS,
BLACK JACK!

AND I'M PROUD
TO BE IN THE
BOOK WITH YOU,
STEEL STERLING.

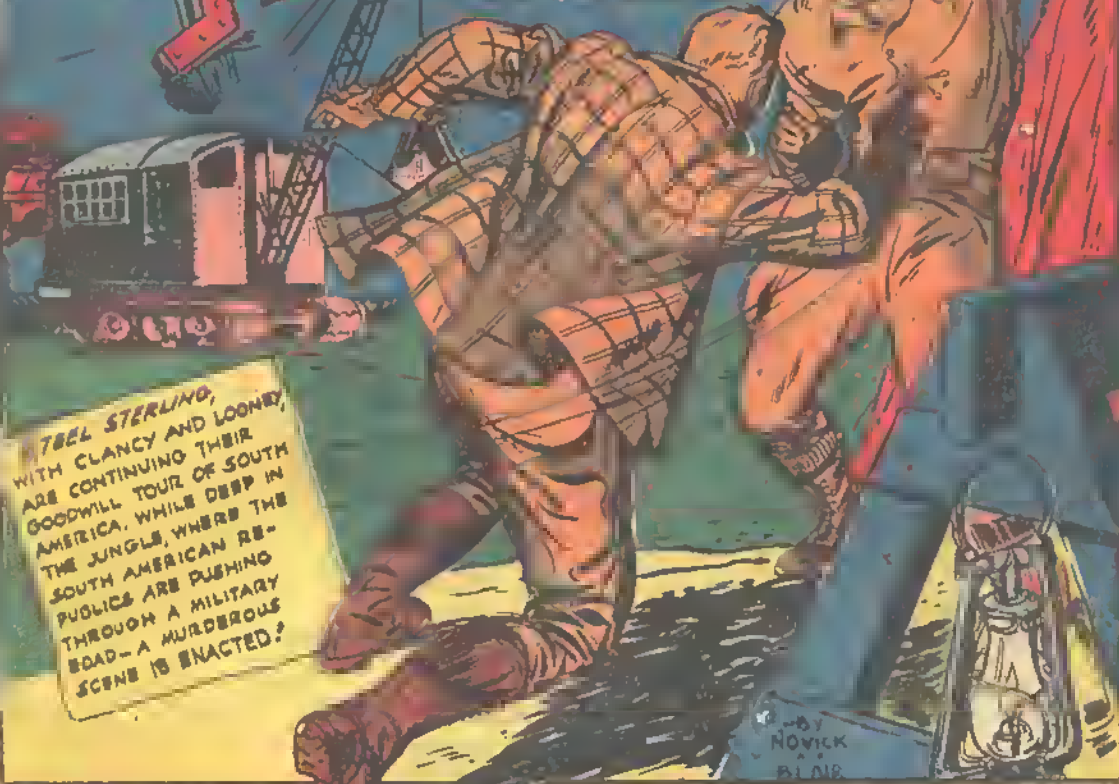
**ZIP'S
GREATEST NEW
FEATURE —
BLACK JACK!**

NOVICK

[illegible]

STEEL STERLING

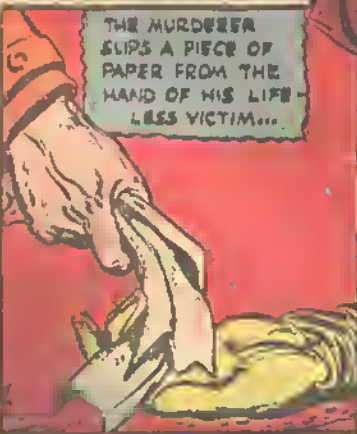
MAN
OF STEEL



STEEL STERLING,
WITH CLANCY AND LOONEY,
ARE CONTINUING THEIR
GOODWILL TOUR OF SOUTH
AMERICA. WHILE DEEP IN
THE JUNGLE, WHERE THE
SOUTH AMERICAN RE-
PUBLICS ARE PUSHING
THROUGH A MILITARY
ROAD—A MURDEROUS
SCENE IS ENACTED?

—BY
NOVICK
BLAIR

THE MURDERER
SLIPS A PIECE OF
PAPER FROM THE
HAND OF HIS LIFE-
LESS VICTIM...



AND SNEAKS INTO HIS SHACK...



...WHERE HE EXTRACTS A PORT-
ABLE RADIO SENDING SET FROM HIS

OPERATIVE X6-
CALLING. SHIP
LAT. 20 LONG. 70
OFF CARACAS.

WHILE IN CARACAS.....

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
U.S. ARMY HEAD-
QUARTERS HERE
WANT WITH US,
BUT WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT.

WELL, STERLING? COME IN,
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
I'M MAJOR COLES- U.S. ARMY
ATTACHE.

I'VE JUST PICKED UP
AN SOE FROM AN AMERICAN
FREIGHTER. SHE'S BEING
BOMBED OFF THE COAST
LAT. 20-LONG. 70

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH
'EM BOYS.

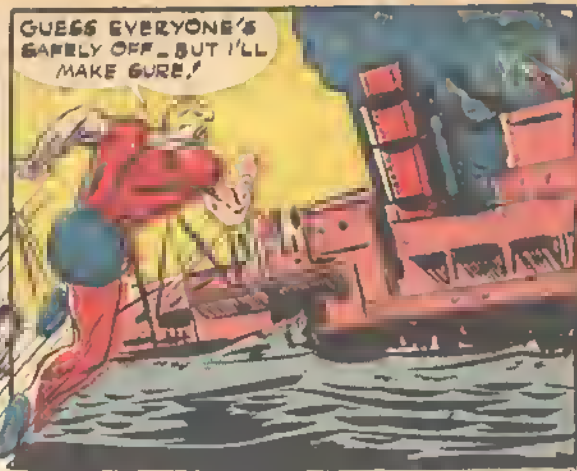
SINCE WHEN DID
THE WAR MOVE
TO SOUTH
AMERICA?

BOOM!

BOOM



BUT IT'S TRUE!
THE SHIPS LISTING!



GUESS EVERYONE'S
SAFELY OFF... BUT I'LL
MAKE SURE!



THE SHIPS BURNING. THEY
MUST HAVE DROPPED
INCENDIARY BOMBS!



HM! LOOK AT THIS
BOMB FRAGMENT!



GERMAN BOMBS. THAT MEANS
THEY'VE GOT AN AIRPLANE
BASE NEARBY!



AND I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT
WHERE IT IS.

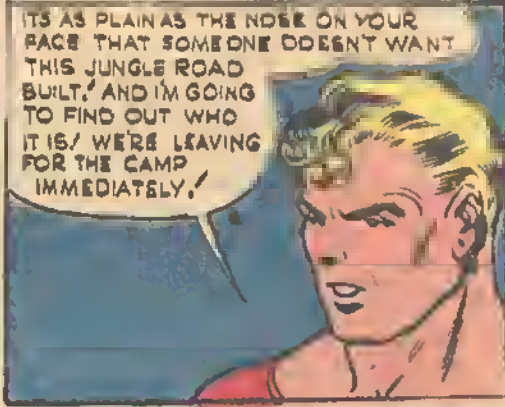


I'VE GOT AN INTERESTING BIT
OF EVIDENCE HERE, BOYS!

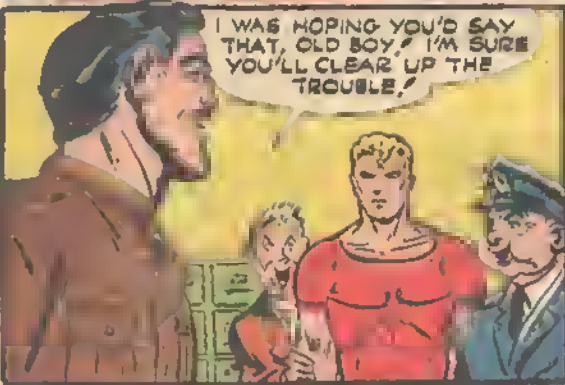
A GERMAN BOMB FRAGMENT, IT'S THE FIRST EVIDENCE WE'VE HAD, EVERYTIME A SHIP LADEN WITH MATERIALS FOR THE NEW JUNGLE ROAD ARRIVES, IT'S BOMBED, AND THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE AT THE JUNGLE CONSTRUCTION CAMP, TOO.



IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON YOUR FACE THAT SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT THIS JUNGLE ROAD BUILT, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IT IS! WE'RE LEAVING FOR THE CAMP IMMEDIATELY!



I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT, OLD BOY. I'M SURE YOU'LL CLEAR UP THE TROUBLE.



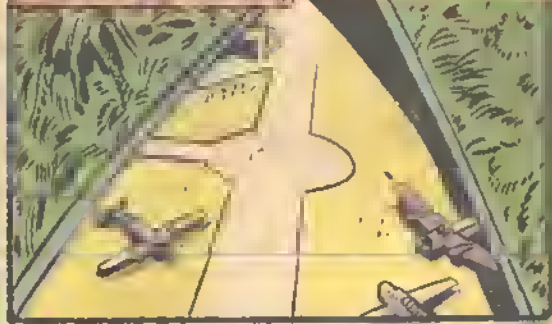
WE'LL TRY, MAJOR!
GOOD LUCK, STERLING!



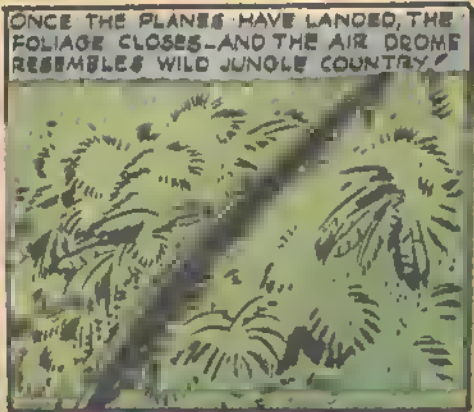
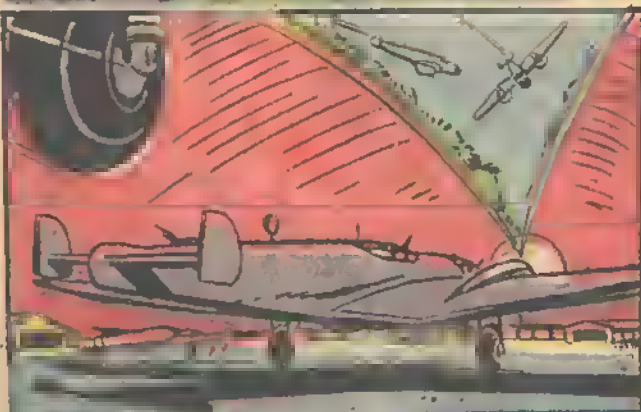
THE BOMBERS, MEANWHILE, HAVE FLOWN FAR INTO THE JUNGLES...



SUDDENLY, THE FOLIAGE OPENS REVEALING A HIDDEN AIR DROME...



ONCE THE PLANES HAVE LANDED, THE FOLIAGE CLOSES-AND THE AIR DROME RESEMBLES WILD JUNGLE COUNTRY.



NEXT DAY, AT THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP SEVERAL MILES SOUTH OF THE SECRET AIRDOOME...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, IBANEZ?
GOING FLIGHT, SMITH!



WERE FLYING UP-RIVE!
TO CHECK OUR ROUTE
FOR THE ROAD!

GOOD! GET BACK
AS SOON AS YOU CAN!



THE FOOLS! THEY'LL NEVER
GET THERE! I FIXED THE PLANE
WITH PERCUSSION CARS IN THE
MOTOR! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET
A PLANE GO ON SURVEYING
FLIGHTS - THEY MIGHT SPOT MY
COUNTRY'S SECRET AIRDOOME!



JUST THEN, STERLING'S CAR
ROLLS UP.....



I'M SMITH - CHIEF ENGINEER
IN THIS PROJECT.

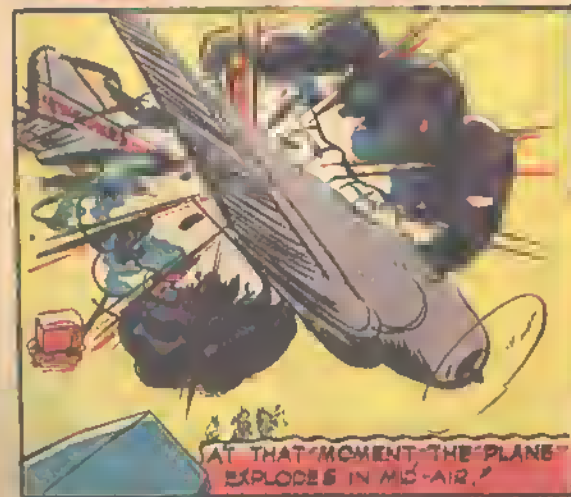
I'M JONES REPRESENTING
THE U.S. ARMY!



WHERE'S THE
SHIP GOING,
SMITH?



WHY-
ER
ON A -



AT THAT MOMENT THE PLANE
EXPLODES IN MID-AIR!

GOOD LORD!
THEY'LL BE BURNED
ALIVE IN THAT INFERNO!

THE PLANE
EXPLODED
ON SCHEDULE!



TOO LATE, POOR
DEVILS.

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE CAUSED
THAT EXPLOSION,
SMITH?

WHO KNOWS? ALL I KNOW
IS THEY WERE GOING UP,
RIVER ON A SURVEY
FLIGHT. YOU SAW WHAT
HAPPENED JUST AS I DID.

GET SOME STRETCHERS AND TAKE WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE PILOT AND THE SURVEYOR
OUT OF THE PLANE.

NUTS TO THIS
STUFF, CLANCY.
LET'S HAVE
SOME FUN.

SURE! WHY NOT?
LET'S GO BIG
GAME HUNTING!

BOY! WE'LL PROBABLY
KNOCK OFF A
HALF DOZEN LIONS
AND-

GERMS ARE
MY MEAT.

WHERE'S THE BEST
PLACE TO GO BIG -
GAME HUNTING
SMITH?

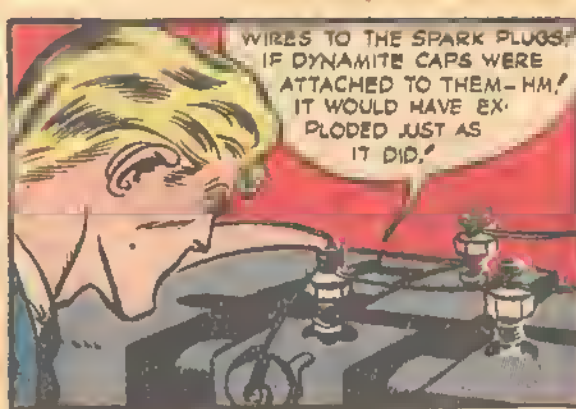
WHY RIGHT OVER THROUGH
THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE?

HEH! THEY'LL NEVER
COME OUT ALIVE.

LOOKS LIKE SOME
ONE MONKEYED
WITH THIS, ALL
RIGHT.

AS THE MAN OF STEEL EXAMINES THE MOTOR
OF THE BURNING PLANE...

THE INTREPID ADVENTURERS SET OUT FOR THE HUNT.



WIRES TO THE SPARK PLUGS.
IF DYNAMITE CAPS WERE
ATTACHED TO THEM—HM,
IT WOULD HAVE EX-
PLODED JUST AS
IT DID.



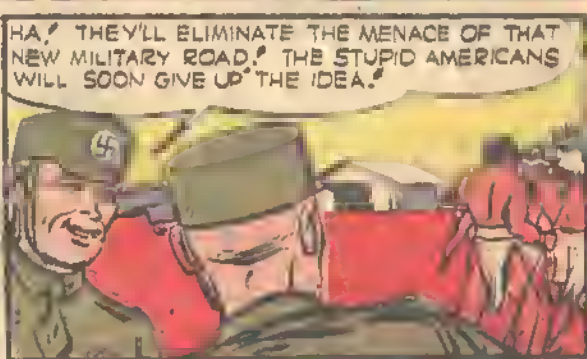
MEANWHILE, IN SMITH'S SHACK...

HELLO AIRDOME! X-O CAL-
LING! GET THOSE INDIAN TRIBES
PAID OFF IN A HURRY! THIS CAMP MUST
BE WIPE OUT AT ONCE!



AT THE SECRET
AIRDOME?...

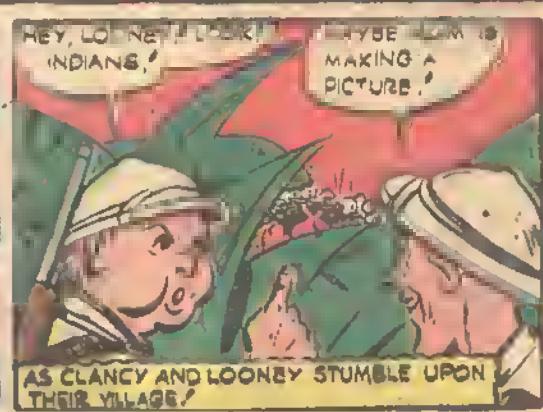
PLENTY MORE SHINY THINGS
WHEN WHITE MAN'S
CAMP IS DESTROYED.



HA, THEY'LL ELIMINATE THE MENACE OF THAT
NEW MILITARY ROAD! THE STUPID AMERICANS
WILL SOON GIVE UP THE IDEA.



THE TRIBAL CHIEF
SUMMONS A WAR PARLEY...



HEY, LOONEY! LOOK!
INDIANS!

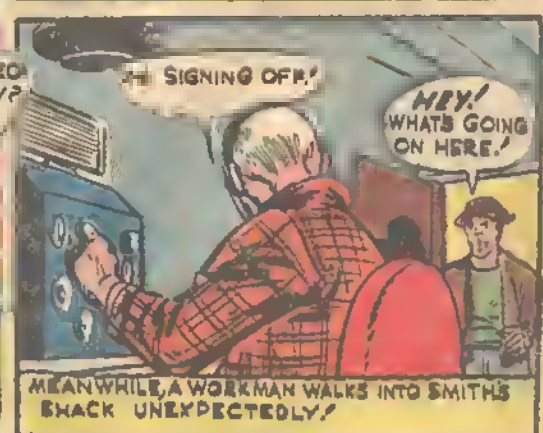
MAYBE LOONEY IS
MAKING A
PICTURE!

AS CLANCY AND LOONEY STUMBLE UPON
THEIR VILLAGE!



WHILE AT THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP...

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED
TO CLANCY AND LOONEY?
THOSE TWO LUNATICS
HAVE DISAPPEARED
COMPLETELY!



SIGNING OFF!

HEY!
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE!

MEANWHILE, A WORKMAN WALKS INTO SMITH'S
SHACK UNEXPECTEDLY!

YOU'RE A DIRTY SPY, YOU—
SO YOU HEARD
EH? TOO BAD.



SMITH SHOTS THE MAN
IN COLD BLOOD.



STEELING HEARING
THE SHOT,
RACES TO
THE SCENE.

NOW WHAT'S
HAPPENED?



SMITH, WHAT'S DOING ON?
WHO'S THE MAN?



OBVIOUSLY, HE WAS A SPY.
I CAUGHT HIM SENDING A
MESSAGE SOMEWHERE ON
THAT PORTABLE SENDING SET—
HE TRIED TO KILL ME— BUT
I FIRED FIRST.



I SEE. WELL, SMITH,
WE'VE GOT TO GO
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS. I WANT
YOU TO FLY ME
UP THE RIVER—I
HAVE A HUNCH.

SURE, JONES!
ANYTHING
YOU SAY.



MEANTIME THE BIG GAME
HUNTERS MEET A STRANGER.

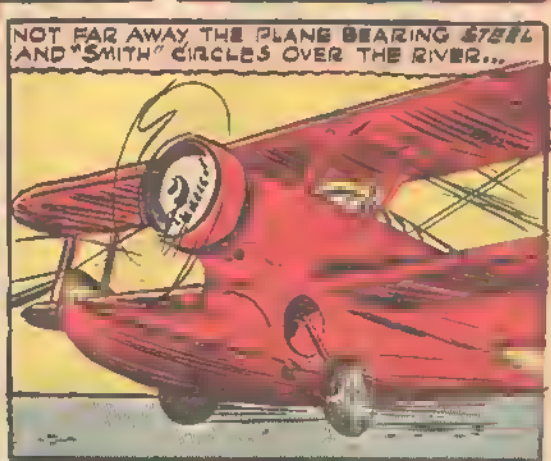
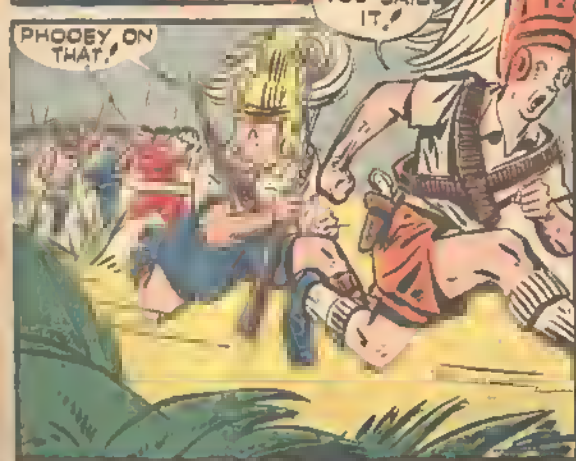
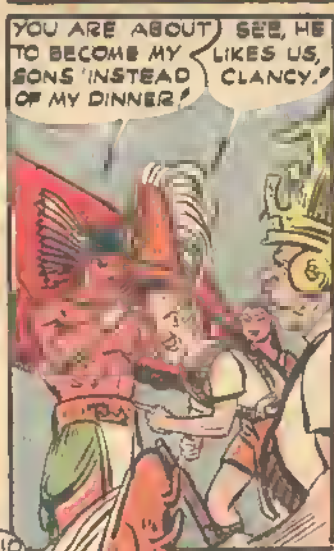
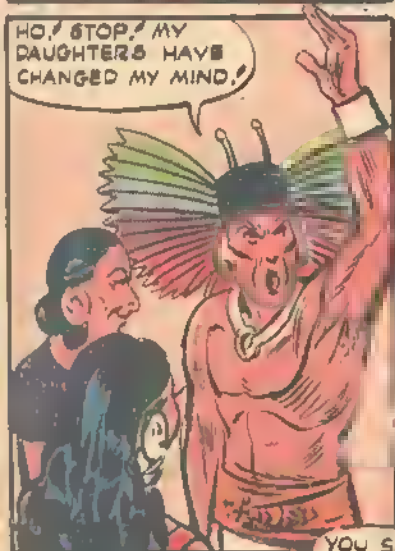


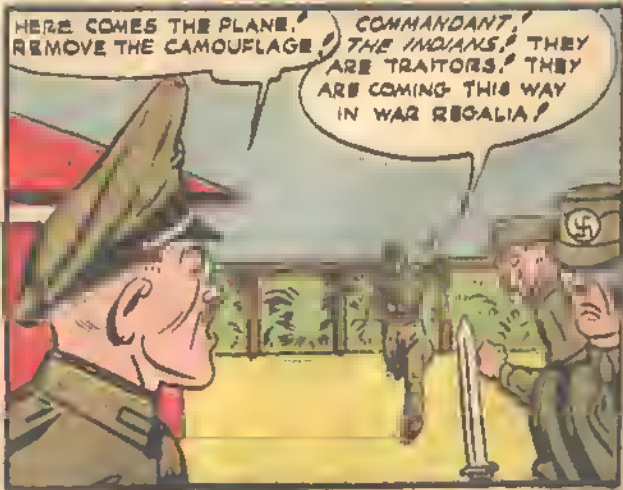
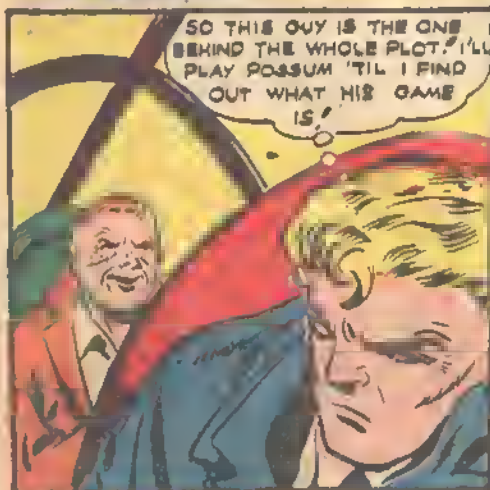
OH, FER
HEAVEN'S SAKE!

QUICK, MOVE 'EM,
WE TAKUM YOU TO
BIG CHIEF.

UGH!







HEY! LOOK! WE'RE
SAFE NOW! SEE ALL THE
WHITE MEN WITH MACHINE
GUNS!



UNAWARE THAT THE INDIANS
ARE MERELY PURSUING
CLANCY AND LOONEY, THE
NAZIS OPEN FIRE!

JUST AS THE NAZIS OPEN FIRE,
CLANCY AND LOONEY
STUMBLE INTO A PIT!



AND THE INDIANS ENGAGE
AT THE UNEXPECTED FUSILLADE.
RETURN THE FIRE!



AND SMITH'S PLANE SWOOPS
INTO THE AIRDROME FOR A
LANDING...



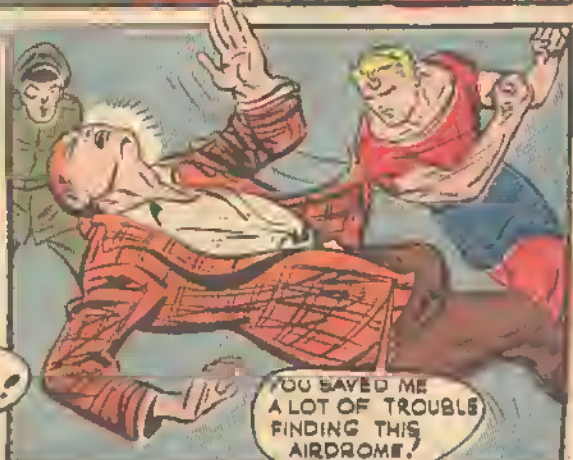
HEIL, CAPTAIN SCHMIDT!
YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!
THE INDIANS, UNFORTUNATELY
HAVE TURNED ON US, BUT WE
HAVE DRIVEN THEM OFF!



THANKS FOR THE
AIDE-DE-CAMP - IS IT "SCHMIDT."



ZUM
DONNERWETTER!



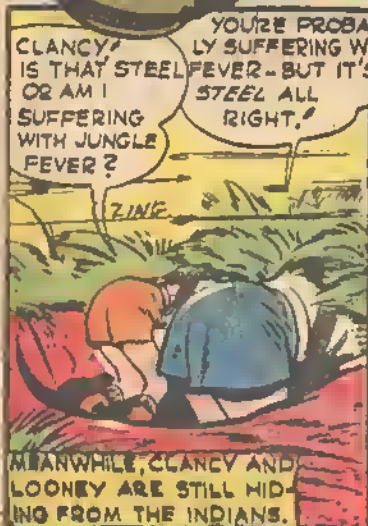
YOU SAVED ME
A LOT OF TROUBLE
FINDING THIS
AIRDROME.



YOU BOYS
REALLY OUT-
SMARTED YOUR-
SELVES THIS TIME!



SORT OF HELPS MAKE THE
PLACE SAFE FOR DE-
MOCRACY INSTEAD OF
HYPOCRISY! I KNOW
WHAT I MEAN?

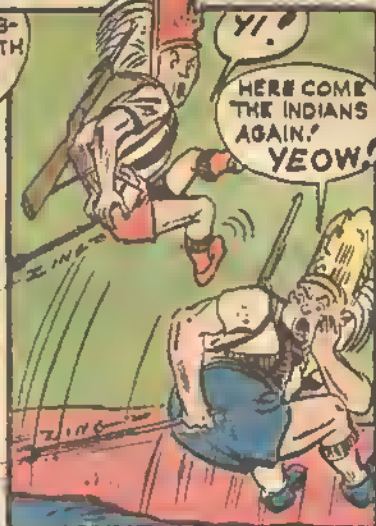


CLANCY
IS THAT STEEL
OR AM I
SUFFERING
WITH JUNGLE
FEVER?

YOU'RE PROBAB-
LY SUFFERING WITH
FEVER-BUT IT'S
STEEL ALL
RIGHT!

ZING

MEANWHILE, CLANCY AND
LOONEY ARE STILL HID-
ING FROM THE INDIANS.

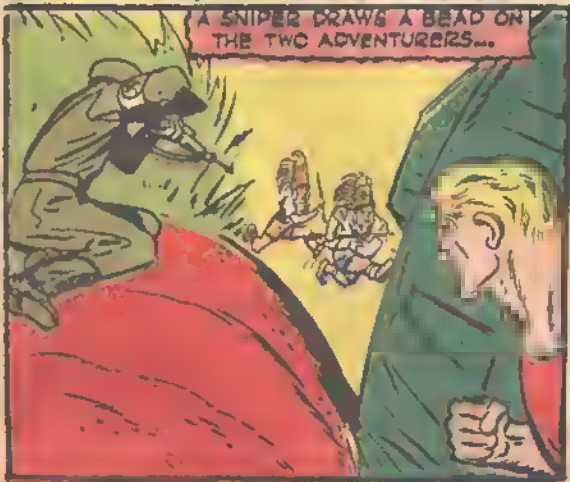


YI!
HERE COME
THE INDIANS
AGAIN!
YEOW!

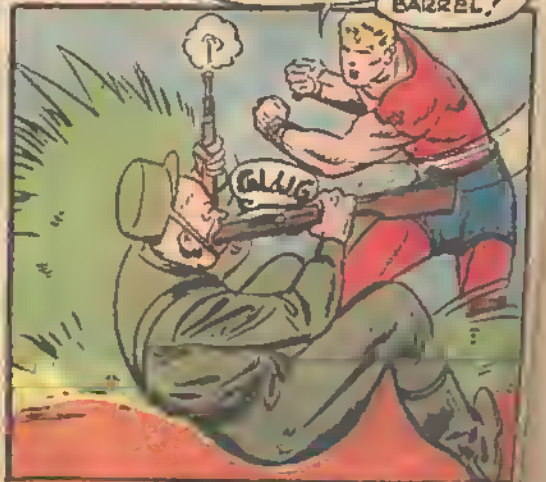


THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTERS ARE
WITH THEM! RUN! EVEN
DEATH IS BETTER THAN
MARRYING THEM!

PAUSE AND REFRESH YOUR-
SELF WITH A RED HOT GUN
BARREL!



A SNIPER DRAWS A BEAD ON
THE TWO ADVENTURERS...



GLUG



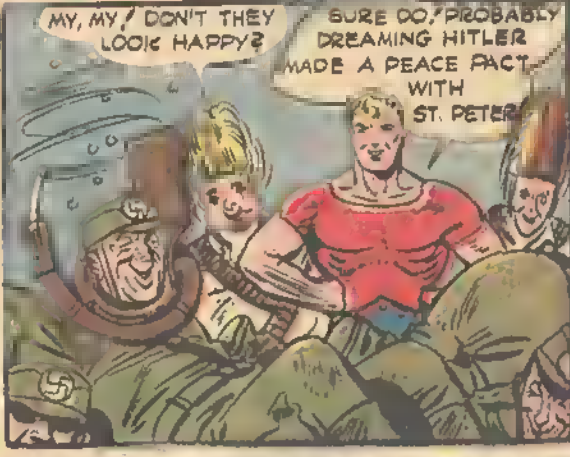
OK, YEHUDI, SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY,



WENT THAT JUST LIKE A DICTATOR'S ARMY? AS SOON AS YOU TURN YOUR BACK, THEY DECIDE THEY'RE TOUGH.

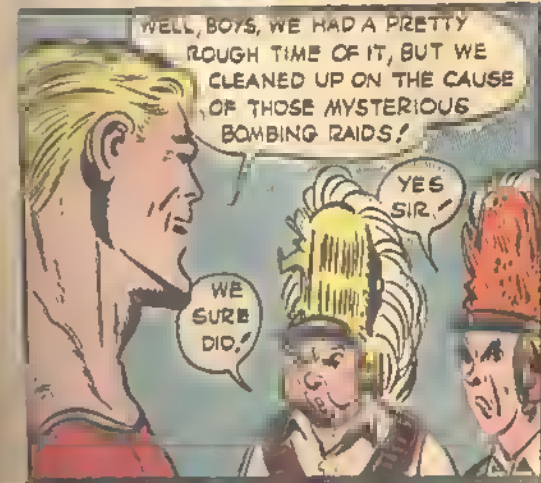


LOOK CLANCY! YEAH, STEEL IS HELLO! WAVING TO US! STEEL!



MY, MY, DON'T THEY LOOK HAPPY?

SURE DO, PROBABLY DREAMING HITLER MADE A PEACE PACT WITH ST. PETER



WELL, BOYS, WE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME OF IT, BUT WE CLEANED UP ON THE CAUSE OF THOSE MYSTERIOUS BOMBING RAIDS!

YES SIR!

WE SURE DID!



AND THIS LITTLE WEASEL HERE - WHOSE NAME IS REALLY SCHMIDT - WAS THE SPY FOR THE NAZIS. HE TIPPED 'EM OFF TO EVERYTHING THE GANG WAS DOING!

SHAME ON HIM!

IF THERE'S ANYBODY I HATE, IT'S A TATTLE-TALE LIKE HIM!



GEE! AND WE THOUGHT SMITH WAS A RIGHT GUY!

YEAH! HE EVEN TOLD US WHERE TO GO BIG-GAME HUNTING!

SURE! AND YOU GUYS WERE THE BIG-GAME!

LOOK AT OUR TWO HEROES, FATHER! WE'VE FINALLY FOUND THEM!



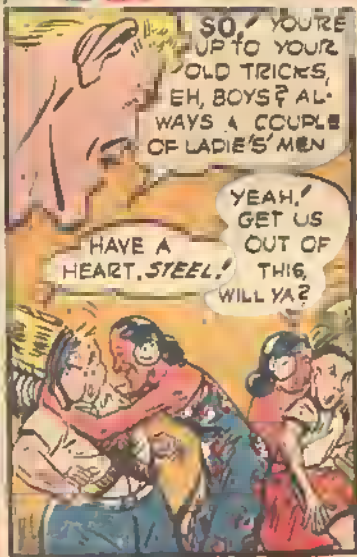
OH BOY! AM I HAPPY! WE CLEANED UP ON THE GERMANS AND DITCHED THE DAMES!

YOU SAID IT, BOY! DID WE OUT-SMART THEM DUMB WRENS!



YIP! WE SPOKE TOO SOON!

Small object being shown



SO! YOU'RE UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH, BOYS? ALWAYS A COUPLE OF LADIES' MEN

HAVE A HEART, STEEL!

YEAH! GET US OUT OF THIS, WILL YA?

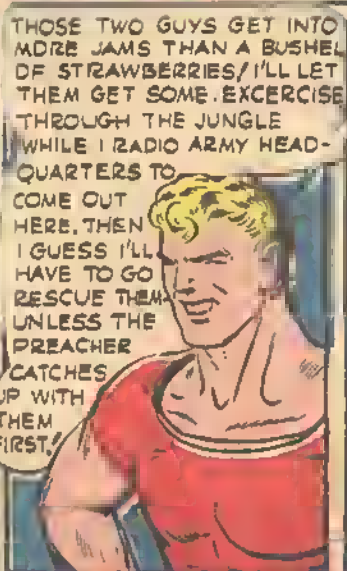


GO ON LOONEY! DON'T BE SO SLOW! YOU'RE OLDING ME UP!



GLOOB, GLUM, GOOP! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

HUT SUT ON THE RIBERALE! THEY SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!



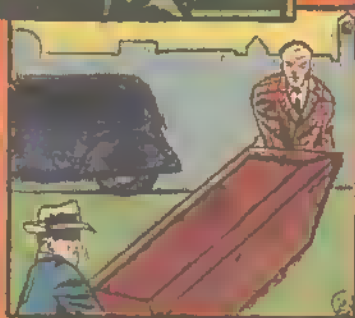
THOSE TWO GUYS GET INTO MORE JAMS THAN A BUSHEL OF STRAWBERRIES! I'LL LET THEM GET SOME EXERCISE THROUGH THE JUNGLE WHILE I RADIO ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS TO COME OUT HERE. THEN I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO RESCUE THEM UNLESS THE PREACHER CATCHES UP WITH THEM FIRST!

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE ONLY IN PEP comics AND SHIELD-WIZARD comics

CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE!!! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE HANGMAN!
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE, READ **OCTOBER PEP COMICS!** ON SALE NOW!



A KILLER, BROUGHT TO THE
GALLOWS BY THE HANGMAN,
PAYS THE PENALTY...



AND THEN, AS HIS MORTAL
REMAINS ARE CARRIED AWAY...



OKAY, IT'S SAFE
TO COME OUT
NOW!

WHEW!
IT SURE
WAS HOT IN
THIS COFFIN!



HANGMAN READERS! BE-
WARE OF IMITATORS THERE
ARE ALWAYS THOSE EAGER
TO SNAP UP ANOTHER'S suc-
CESSFUL CHARACTERS, THIS
IS ALREADY BEING DONE. THE
ORIGINAL **HANGMAN** AP-
PEARS **ONLY** IN **PEP COMICS!**



BUCKY LAVITTO, KING OF THE UNDERWORLD, MAKES ONE OF HIS REGULAR CALLS TO A FORTUNE TELLER—EXPECTING TO HEAR WHAT HE HAS HEARD YEAR AFTER YEAR—THAT HE IS STILL BOSS OF THE TOWN... BUT FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS—AND THE LONG ARM OF DEATH REACHES OUT OF THE SHADOWS TO WARN THE GANG CHIEFTAIN THAT HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED—
BLACK JACK IS COMING!!

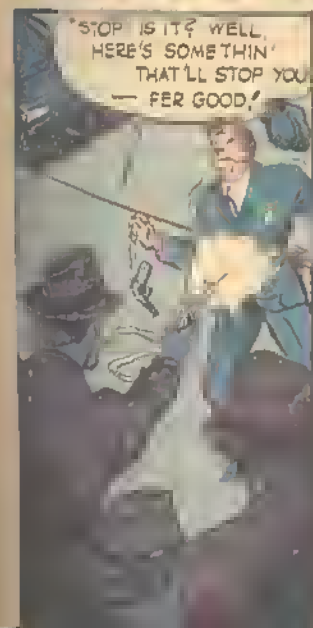
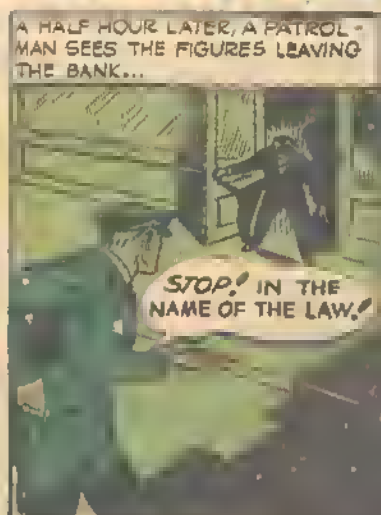
THE JACK OF SPADES, EH? THE BLACK JACK! SO HE'S THE DARK MAN COMIN' INTO MY LIFE TO RUIN ME!



HA, HA, HA, HA! THAT'S A HOT ONE, THE BLACK JACK! NOBODY IS GONNA SPELL MY DOOM!



REMEMBER, I HAVE WARNED YOU!



A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE GAME ROOM AT DETECTIVE HEADQUARTERS..

GETTING TIRED OF PLAYING BLACKJACK, WHITEY?

NOT ME, I LIKE THE GAME AS WELL AS YOU DO.



WELL, WELL, WELL-IF IT AINT OLD JACK JONES. DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF PLAYIN' THAT CHEAP GAME?

GO AWAY, BAXTER. YOU GET IN MY HAIR.



HA, HA, GET IN YOUR HAIR, DID YOU SAY? OKAY, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET IN THAT BEAUTIFUL BLACK HAIR OF YOURS, JACK.



HEY, CUT IT OUT...OOF!

MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCENCE YOU I DON'T LIKE YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES!



WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF JACK, BAXTER? YOU'RE ALWAYS HORSEIN' AROUND. WISE UP TO YOURSELF!



LISTEN, WHITEY, YOU'RE A GOOD KID. BUT DON'T GET TOUGH WITH A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ARE.

AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOU, BAXTER. LET ONE OF WHITEY'S ARM.



CUT IT, THERE'S THE CHIEF!

W-A-I-T! THE PROBLEM BOYS? GETTING BORED WITH NOTHING TO DO.



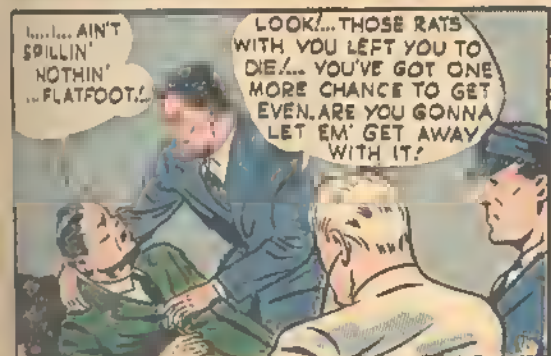
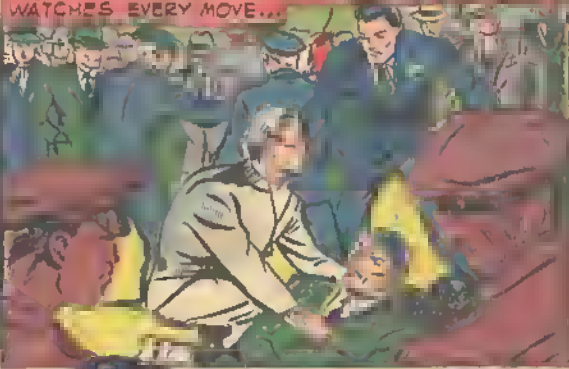
ALL RIGHT. HERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO. A PATROLMAN WAS SHOT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE CITIZEN'S BANK - AND THE GANG MADE A GET-AWAY. ALL BUT ONE MAN. HE ISN'T DEAD YET - BUT HE'S DYING. GET OVER THERE AND TRY TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF HIM.



THE THREE DETECTIVES ARRIVE
AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



AS JACK QUESTIONS THE INTERNE ATTENDING THE DYING MAN, ONE OF THE GANG'S LOOK-OUTS WATCHES EVERY MOVE...

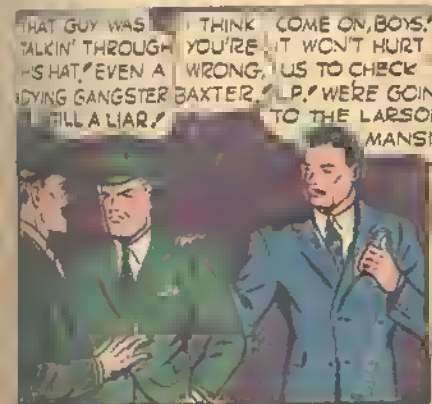


...AINT
SPILLIN'
NOTHIN'
...PLATFOOT!

LOOK!...THOSE RATS
WITH YOU LEFT YOU TO
DIE!... YOU'VE GOT ONE
MORE CHANCE TO GET
EVEN. ARE YOU GONNA
LET 'EM' GET AWAY
WITH IT?



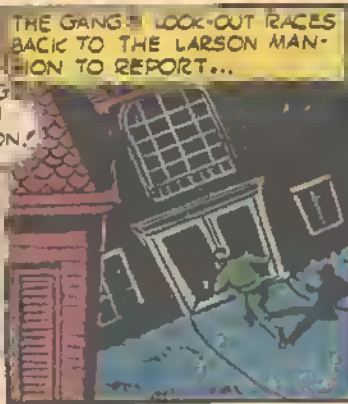
N-NO, I'LL
TELL! THEY'RE IN
THE OLD LARSON
MANSION! ALL OF
'EM!



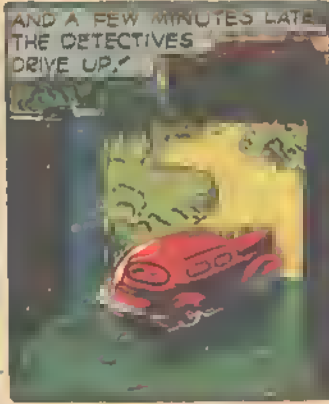
THAT GUY WAS
TALKIN' THROUGH
HIS SHAT, EVEN A
DYING GANGSTER BAXTER
WILL A LIAR!

I THINK
YOU'RE
WRONG.

COME ON, BOYS!
IT WON'T HURT
US TO CHECK
'UP, WE'RE GOING
TO THE LARSON
MANSION!



THE GANG'S LOOK-OUT RACES
BACK TO THE LARSON MAN-
SION TO REPORT...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER
THE DETECTIVES
DRIVE UP!



WE WERE RIGHT, MAX!
HERE THEY COME. DUCK
OUT OF SIGHT, BOYS!
WE'LL BE READY
FOR THEM!



HM!
NOBODY
HERE!

TOLD YOU THAT
PUNK WAS LYING.
THE PLACE IS DES-
ERTED!

HEY, LOOK,
FOOTPRINTS!

SUDDENLY LAVITTO'S MEN STEP OUT FROM CLOSETS AND DOORWAYS...

GET 'EM UP, COPPERS.
DROP THEM GATS.



BOLT UP THE SHUTTERS,
BOYS. THEN TURN ON THE
LIGHTS. WE'RE GONNA
GIVE THESE WISE GUYS A
LITTLE PARTY.



NICE GON, BAXTER.
YOU DID YOUR JOB
WELL.

THANKS,
LUCY.

BAXTER, YOU MEAN—

IT'S A TIP-OFF MAN
FOR THE GANG.



SURE I'M A TIP-OFF MAN, WHY'D
YOU THINK SO MANY DICKS WERE
MISSING WHEN THEY WENT AFTER
LUCKY? TAKE THAT, I ALWAYS
WANTED TO
MESS YOUR
HAIR UP
GOOD.



WHO IS THIS PRET- THE BOYS AT
TY GUY ANYHOW, HEADQUARTERS
BAXTER? CALL HIM BLACK
JACK. THAT'S BE-
CAUSE OF HIS HAIR AND
BECAUSE HIS FAVORITE
GAME IS BLACK JACK.



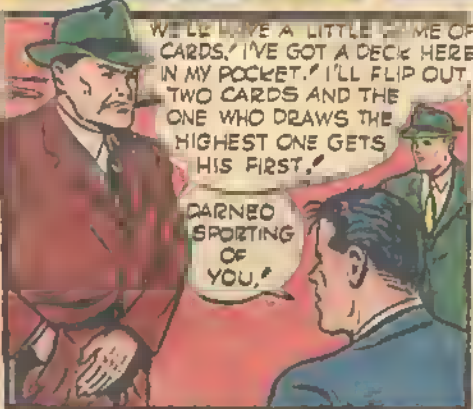
WHAT!?? SO THIS IS THE
BLACK JACK, THE PUNK WHO
WAS GONNA BE MY DOWNFALL,
HUH?



VERY FUNNY,
BUT WHAT DO
WE DO NEXT?

WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE GAME OF
CARDS, I'VE GOT A DECK HERE
IN MY POCKET. I'LL FLIP OUT
TWO CARDS AND THE
ONE WHO DRAWS THE
HIGHEST ONE GETS
HIS FIRST.

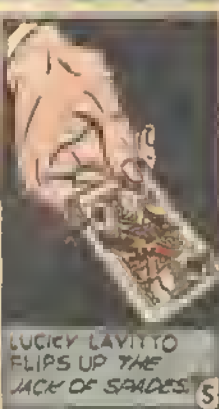
DARNED
SPORTING
OF YOU.

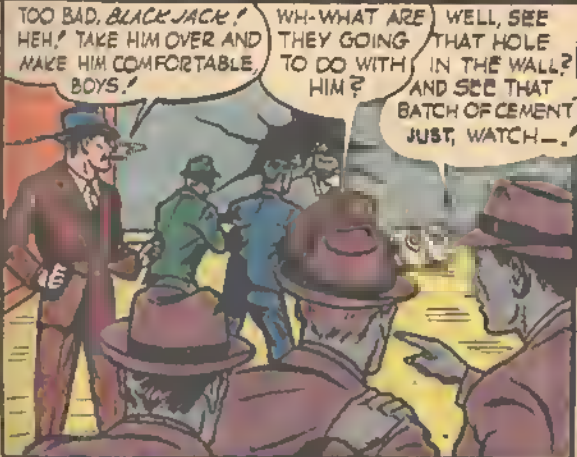


THIS IS FOR THE WHITE-HAIRED
KID..LET'S SEE. THE TWO OF DIA-
MONDS. NOW WATCH WHAT I DEAL
YOU, BLACK
JACK.



LUCY LAVITTO
FLIPS UP THE
JACK OF SPADES.





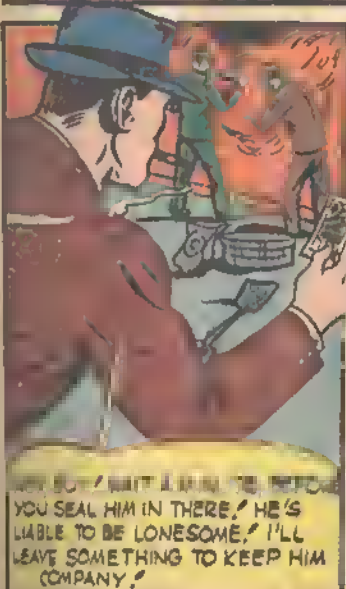
TOO BAD, BLACK JACK!
HEH! TAKE HIM OVER AND
MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE.
BOYS!

WH-WHAT ARE
THEY GOING
TO DO WITH
HIM?

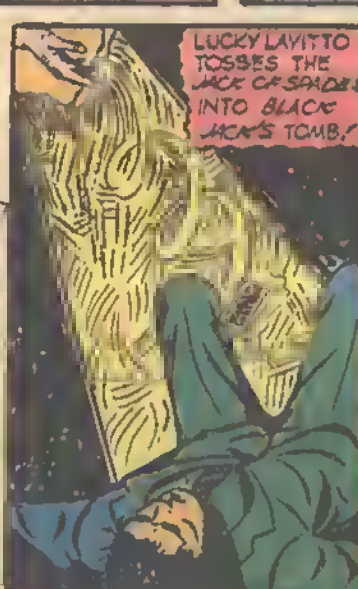
WELL, SEE
THAT HOLE
IN THE WALL?
AND SEE THAT
BATCH OF CEMENT?
JUST, WATCH...



BLACK JACK IS SLUGGED AND TOSSED THROUGH
THE HOLE IN THE WALL...



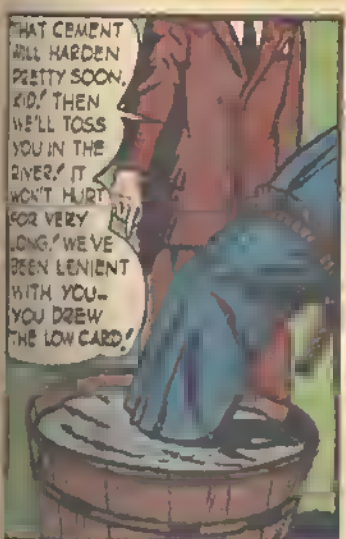
YOU SEAL HIM IN THERE! HE'S
LIABLE TO BE LONESOME! I'LL
LEAVE SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM
COMPANY!



LUCKY LAYITTO
TOSSES THE
FACE OF SARDIS
INTO BLACK
JACK'S TOMB!



YOU CAN'T DO
THAT TO HIM!
HE'LL SUFFOCATE
IN THERE IN
NO TIME!
NAW, HE WON'T.
HE'LL LIVE MAY-
BE A COUPLE
OF HOURS! BUT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
HIM, KID! WE GOT A
LITTLE TREAT FOR YOU
TOO! BRING HIM OVER HERE
BOYS!



THAT CEMENT
WILL HARDEN
PRETTY SOON.
KID! THEN
WE'LL TOSS
YOU IN THE
RIVER! IT
WON'T HURT
FOR VERY
LONG! WE'VE
BEEN LENIENT
WITH YOU-
YOU DREW
THE LOW CARD!



OKAY, BOYS! GET
THAT COPPER INTO
THE CAR, AND TAKE
HIM TO THE RIVER!



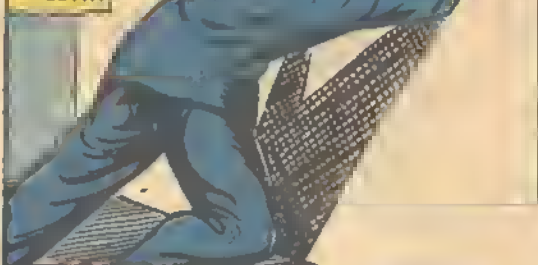
WELL, LET'S
SAY GOODBYE
TO BLACK JACK!

AN HOUR LATER, JACK JONES LIFTS HIS EYES AND TRIES TO REGAIN HIS FEET...

"C'CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY BREATH, AND MY HEAD. UH-WHERE AM I?...NOW I REMEMBER. THEY SHOVED ME INTO THE WALL, GOT TO GET SOME AIR SOMEHOW, GOT TO GET UP."



WITH ALMOST HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, JACK CLIMBS TO HIS FEET AND HAMMERS FEEBLY ON THE RAPIDLY HARDENING CEMENT WALL...



NO USE. CAN'T BREAK IT DOWN. IF I HAD A KNIFE - SOMETHING SHARP - I MIGHT. SAY, WHAT'S THAT? A CARD. THE JACK OF SPADES. IT MIGHT WORK!



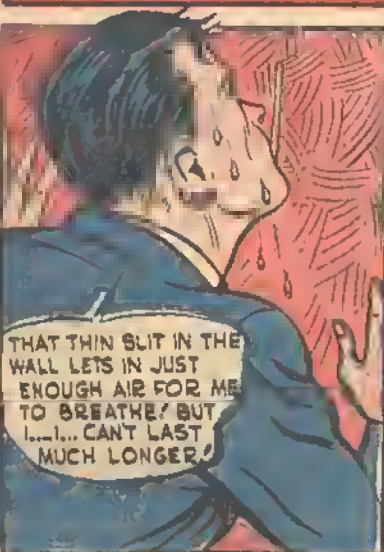
JACK FRANTICALLY WORKS THE THIN EDGE OF THE PLAYING CARD INTO THE CEMENT...



MINUTES LATER, THE CARD CUTS THROUGH THE WALL...



AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR IN THE ROOM OUTSIDE...



THAT THIN SLIT IN THE WALL LETS IN JUST ENOUGH AIR FOR ME TO BREATHE, BUT I...I... CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.

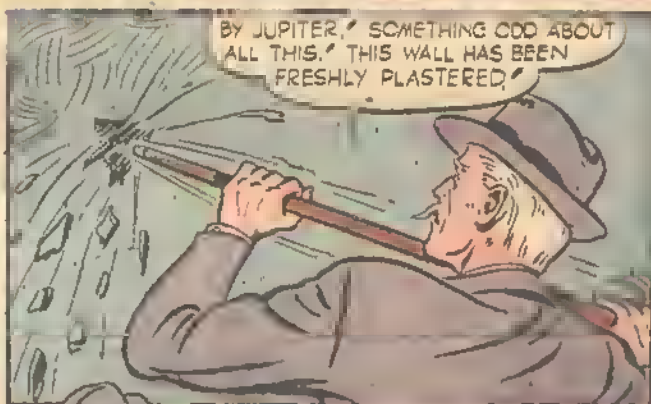
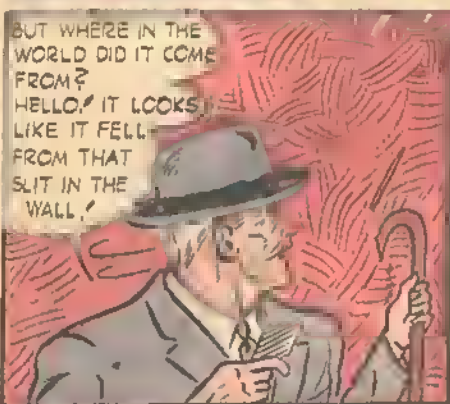
AS JACK STRUGGLES FOR HIS LIFE, A MIDDLE AGED MAN IS APPROACHING THE MANSION...



MY, HOW DESERTED THE OLD HOME LOOKS. IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME -

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF GETTING IN HERE. THE DOOR IS PROBABLY LOCKED.





FEEL A LITTLE MORE LIKE TALKING NOW, SON? YOU DON'T HAVE TO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, YOU KNOW.

AFTER ALL, YOU DID SAVE MY LIFE, SO I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION. IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE: I'M A DETECTIVE AND WHEN MY BUDDY AND I TRIED TO CRACK A CASE, WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A PRETTY TIGHT JAM,...

..WHAT HAPPENED TO WHITEY, ONLY GOD KNOWS, BUT BAXTER, ANOTHER DETECTIVE, TURNED OUT TO BE A CONTACT MAN FOR THE GANG. THAT'S ALL THERE IS.

SEE, NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM - MY NAME IS LARSON. I WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE.

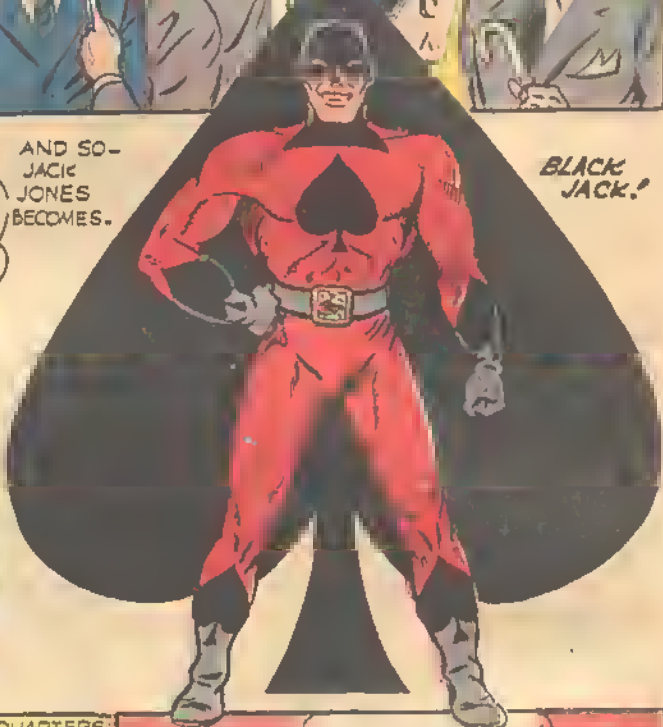
WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I RAN AWAY FROM HOME AND EVENTUALLY MADE A FORTUNE IN MY OWN RIGHT. TODAY I CAME BACK HERE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF 30 YEARS, BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME - I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SUGGESTION TO YOU, SON.



THE GANGSTERS - EVEN THE WORLD AT LARGE - BELIEVE YOU ARE DEAD. WHY NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT BELIEF? NEED I REMIND YOU THAT CRIMINALS ARE AFRAID OF THE UNKNOWN? AND DOESN'T YOUR NICKNAME *BLACK JACK* SUGGEST A COURSE OF ACTION?

AND SO - JACIE JONES BECOMES.

BLACK JACK!



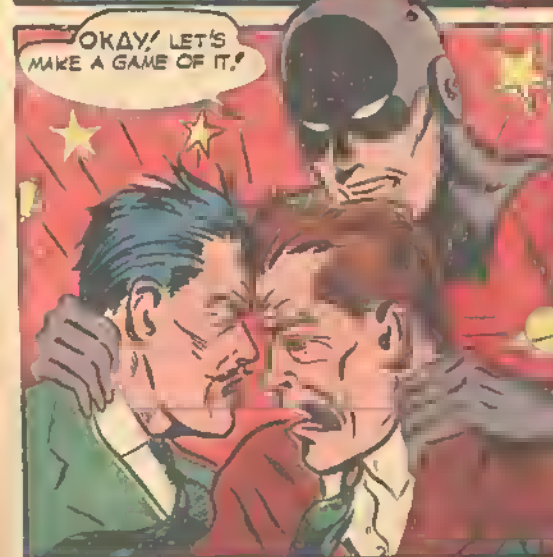
THAT NIGHT, IN LUCKY LAVITTO'S HEADQUARTERS: LUCKY, I THINK I BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, HAVE A GAME OF AND REPORT, *BLACK JACK*.



AW-STATIC AROUND BAXTER, WE'LL CALM DOWN, BAXTER. THAT GUY'S DEAD... HEY... WHO THREW THAT CARD IN HERE? DON'T MENTION THAT GAME AGAIN.



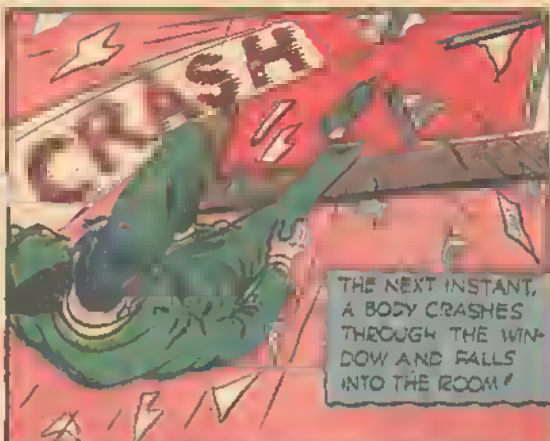
AT THAT INSTANT...



WHILE AT DETECTIVE HEADQUARTERS...

SURE SEEMS DULL
AROUND HERE WITH
OUT JACK JONES
AND WHITEY.

AWFUL FUNNY
THAT THEY
WERE KILLED
AND BAXTER GOT
AWAY.



THE NEXT INSTANT,
A BODY CRASHES
THROUGH THE WIN-
DOW AND FALLS
INTO THE ROOM.

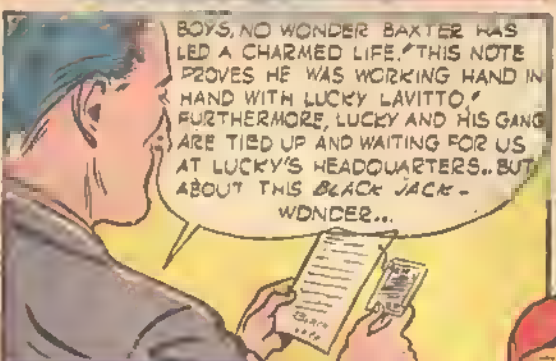


THE DETECTIVES RUSH TO
THE WINDOW...

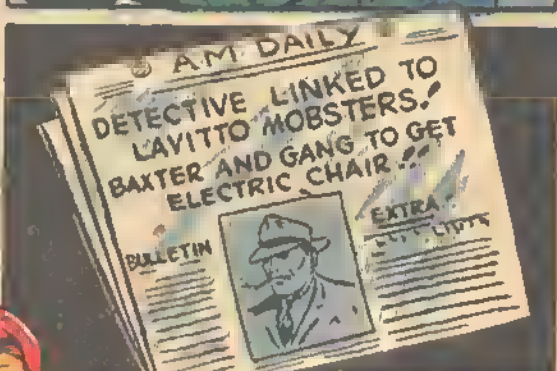
NOBODY OUT
HERE AT ALL!



IT'S BAXTER- AND
LOOK! THERE'S X
NOTE ON HIM AND-
AND A CARD!
THE BLACK JACK!



BOYS, NO WONDER BAXTER HAS
LED A CHARMED LIFE. THIS NOTE
PROVES HE WAS WORKING HAND IN
HAND WITH LUCKY LAVITTO.
FURTHERMORE, LUCKY AND HIS GANG
ARE TIED UP AND WAITING FOR US
AT LUCKY'S HEADQUARTERS.. BUT
ABOUT THIS BLACK JACK -
WONDER...



A.M. DAILY
DETECTIVE LINKED TO
LAVITTO MOBSTERS.
BAXTER AND GANG TO GET
ELECTRIC CHAIR.

BULLETIN

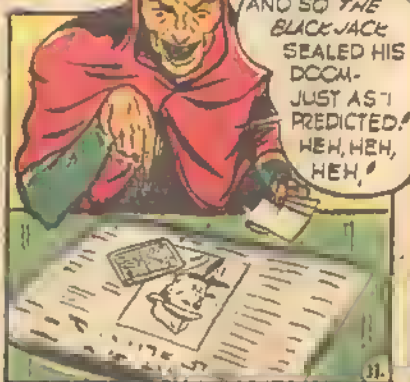


EXTRA

DECEMBER 1937



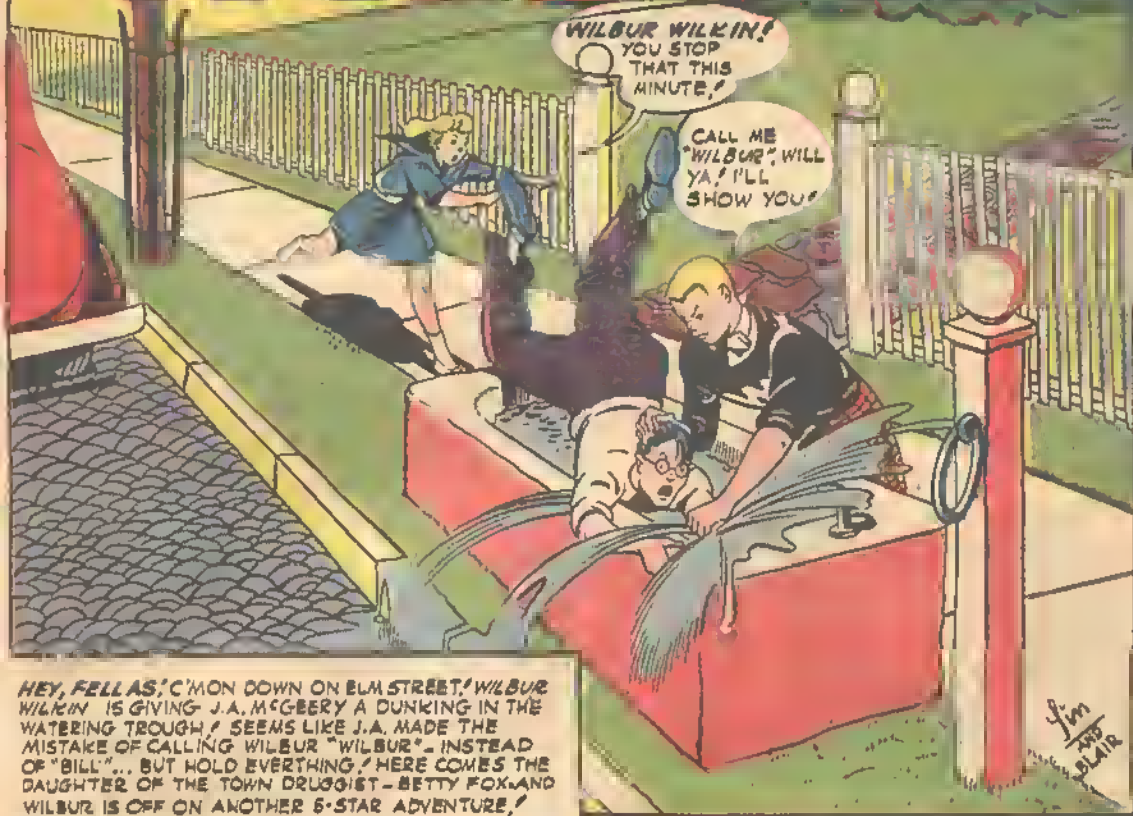
HEH, HEH, HEH!
I WARNED LAVITTO,
BUT HE
WOULDN'T
LISTEN!



AND SO THE
BLACK JACK
SEALED HIS
DOOM-
JUST AS I
PREDICTED!
HEH, HEH,
HEH!

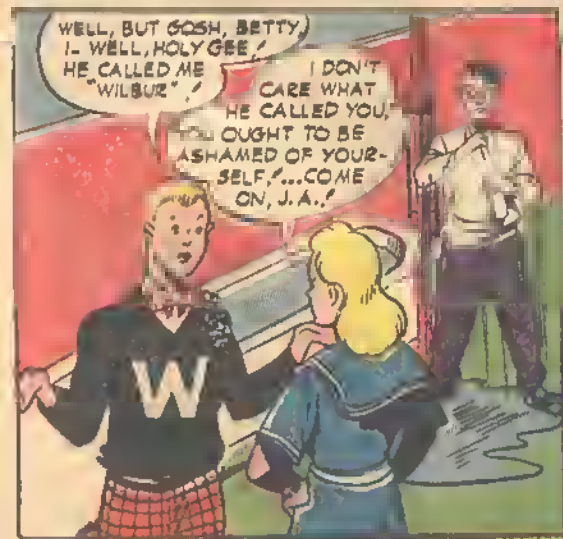
AND SO ENDS BLACK
JACK'S FIRST ADVENTURE.
BUT HIS CAREER IS ONLY
JUST BEGINNING. NEXT
MONTH, BLACK JACK
RUNS HEAD-ON INTO
A WEIRD DANCE OF
DEATH AND HORROR IN
THE CASE OF "THE
WALTZ OF THE CEMETERY
CITIZENS". DON'T MISS
IT - IN THE DECEMBER
ISSUE OF
ZIP COMICS!

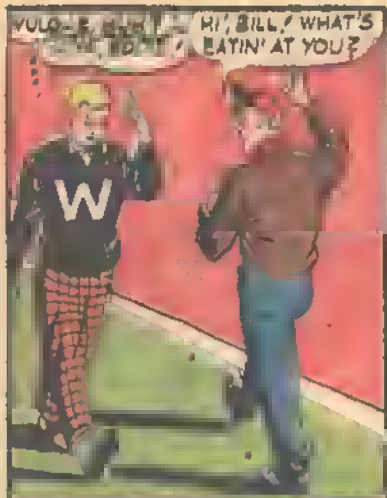
WILBUR



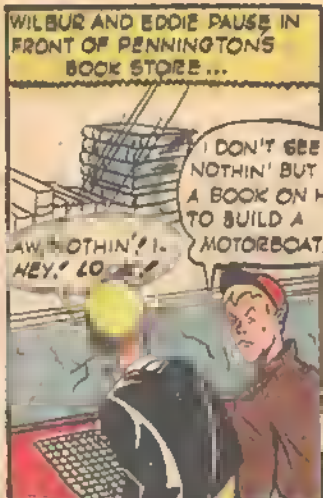
HEY, FELLAS! C'MON DOWN ON ELM STREET, WILBUR WILKIN IS GIVING J.A. MCGEERY A DUNKING IN THE WATERING TROUGH! SEEMS LIKE J.A. MADE THE MISTAKE OF CALLING WILBUR "WILBUR" - INSTEAD OF "BILL"... BUT HOLD EVERYTHING! HERE COMES THE DAUGHTER OF THE TOWN DRUGGIST - BETTY FOX! AND WILBUR IS OFF ON ANOTHER 5-STAR ADVENTURE!

Jim
and
Blair





HI, BILL! WHAT'S EATIN' AT YOU?



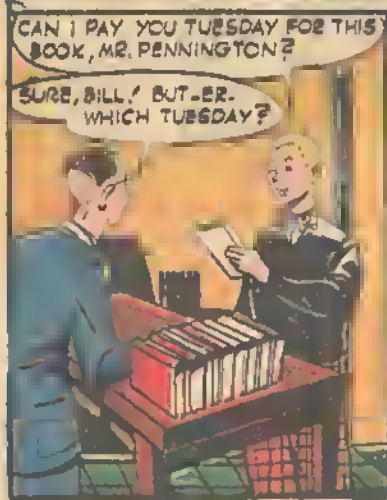
WILBUR AND EDDIE PAUSE IN FRONT OF PENNINGTON'S BOOK STORE ...

I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' BUT A BOOK ON HOW TO BUILD A MOTORBOAT.

AW, NOTHIN'! HEY, LO ...

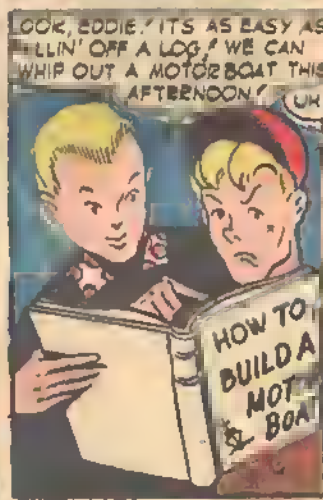


JUST WAIT HERE A MINUTE, EDDIE!



CAN I PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR THIS BOOK, MR. PENNINGTON?

SURE, BILL! BUT... WHICH TUESDAY?



LOOK, EDDIE, IT'S AS EASY AS TELLIN' OFF A LOG! WE CAN WHIP OUT A MOTORBOAT THIS AFTERNOON!

UH HUH?



LISTEN, ROUND UP BUS RAIDER AND COMB ON DOWN TO MY BASEMENT, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU!

OKAY, I GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO, WE MIGHT AS WELL!

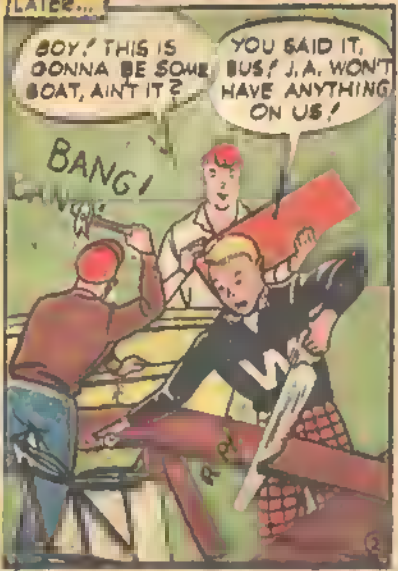


I'LL GET BUS AND MEET YOU AT YOUR PLACE, SO LONG!

OKAY, KID, I'LL GET HOME AND HAVE THINGS ALL READY TO GO TO WORK!



WILBUR SAUNTERS HOME - CASUALLY...

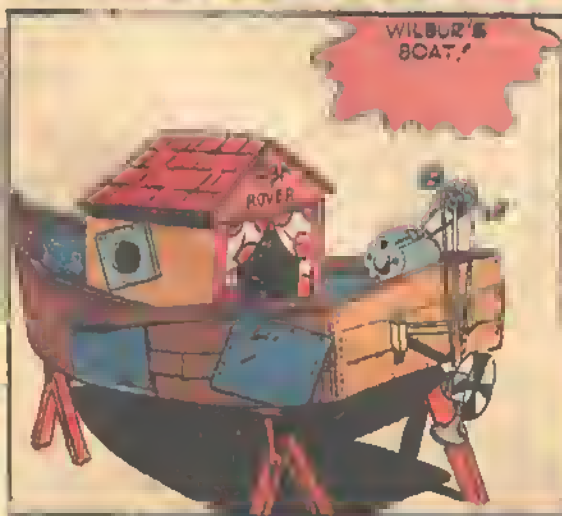
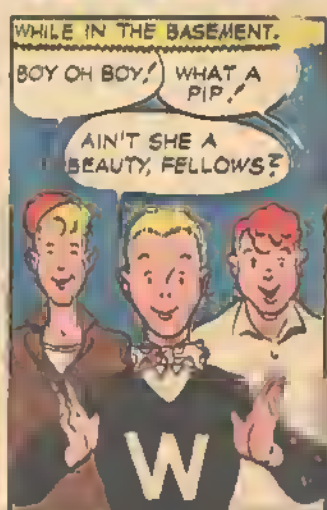
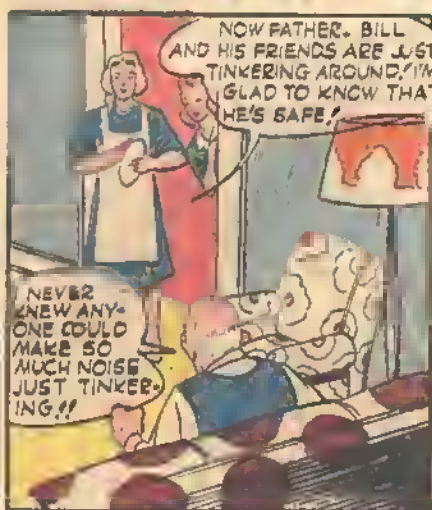


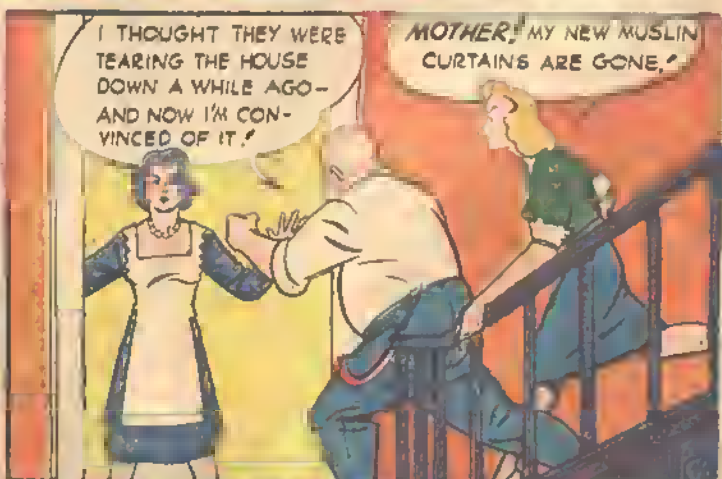
LATER...

BOY! THIS IS GOONNA BE SOME BOAT, AIN'T IT?

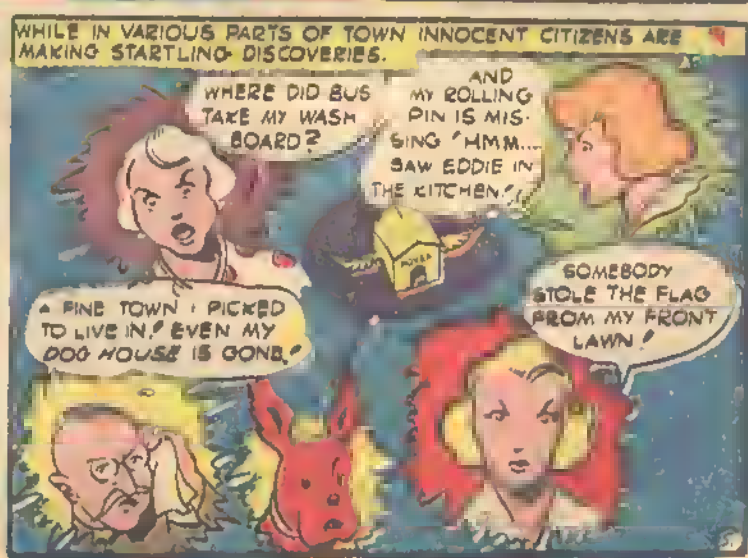
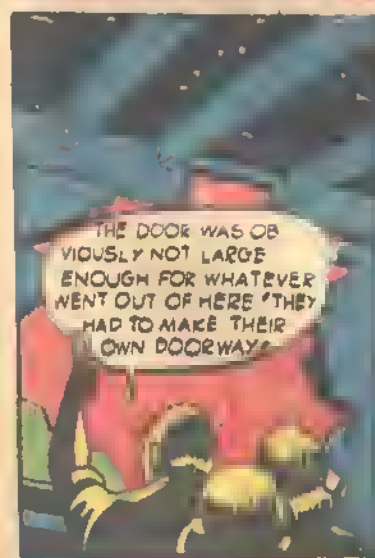
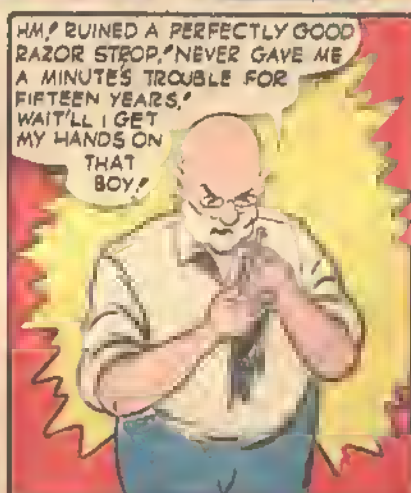
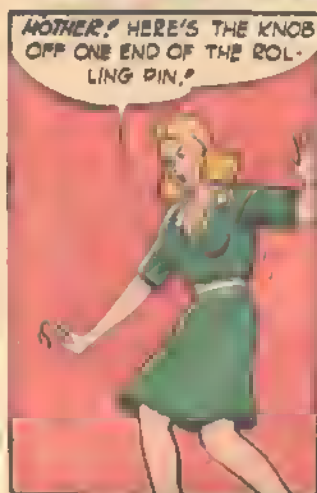
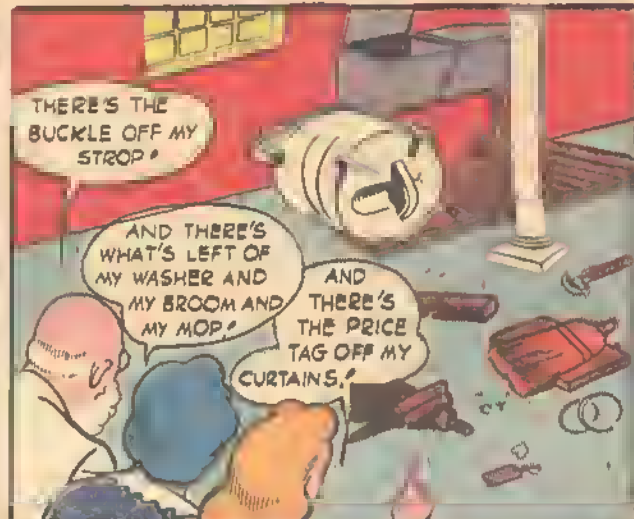
YOU SAID IT, BUS! J.A. WON'T HAVE ANYTHING ON US!

BANG!





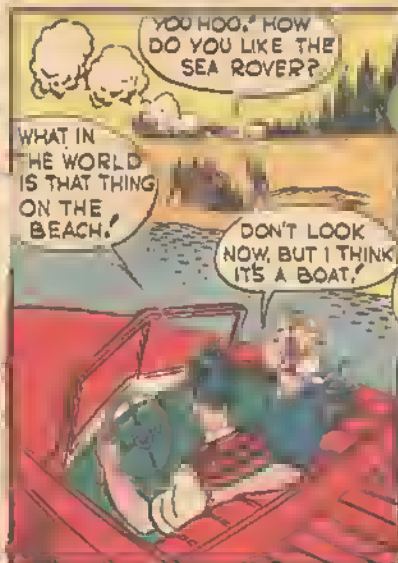
THE WILKIN FAMILY - WITH THE EXCEPTION OF WILBUR - RUSHES INTO THE BASEMENT.....





HERE COMES J.A. IN THAT TUB OF HIS!

JUST WAIT TILL HE GETS A LOOK AT THIS BABY!



WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT THING ON THE BEACH?

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK IT'S A BOAT!

YOU HOO! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SEA ROVER?



WILBUR AND HIS FRIENDS PREPARE THE OFFICIAL LAUNCHING!
I CHRISTEN YOU THE SEA ROVER!

OWAW! I HIT IT A LITTLE TOO HARD! OH WELL THAT LITTLE HOLE WON'T MATTER!

BANG!



HEAVE-HO, MEN! LET'S SLIDE HER DOWN THE WAYS!



I'LL KEEP A LOOK OUT FOR ENEMY SUBS!

THERE SHE GOES!

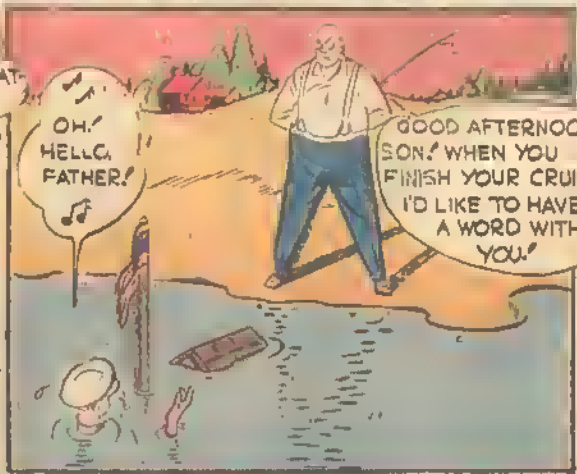


WOW! I WONDER IF THAT BOOK HAD SOME ERRORS IN IT!



CHEEZE IT EDDIE! HERE COMES BILL'S OLD MAN!

HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S A LITTLE IRRITATED ABOUT SOMETHING DOESN'T HE?



OH! HELLO, FATHER!

GOOD AFTERNOON SON! WHEN YOU FINISH YOUR CRUISE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!



NOW, POP, REMEMBER WHAT YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME ABOUT GIVING A MAN A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!

HALLOWEEN AND WILBUR 'NUFF SAID! DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S ZIP COMICS!

CAPTAIN VALOR

OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES.

CAPTAIN VALOR AND A BATTALION OF MARINES HAVE LANDED IN GREENLAND BUT, UNKNOWN TO THEM, A FLEET OF GERMAN TRANSPORTS IS LANDING A LIGHT MECHANIZED DIVISION IN AN ISOLATED CAVE AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND....

AT THE MARINE BARRACKS...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'RE HOLDING MANEUVERS TODAY! OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO REPULSE AN IMAGINARY INVASION FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

SERGEANT, I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF THOSE TWO JERKS, SLIM AND SLAM! I DIDN'T WANT THEM MESSING UP OUR MANEUVERS.

YES SIR! I'LL SEE THAT THEY STAY FAR AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF ACTION, CAPTAIN VALOR! LEAVE IT TO ME!

CAPTAIN'S ORDERS. YOU TWO ARE TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE TODAY AS POSSIBLE. I DON'T CARE HOW YOU GO-BY FLYING HORSE OR U/ OTHERWISE-BUT SCRAM! UNDERSTAND?



MIND IF WE GO BY MOTOR-CYCLE?

I DON'T CARE! AS LONG AS YOU GO!

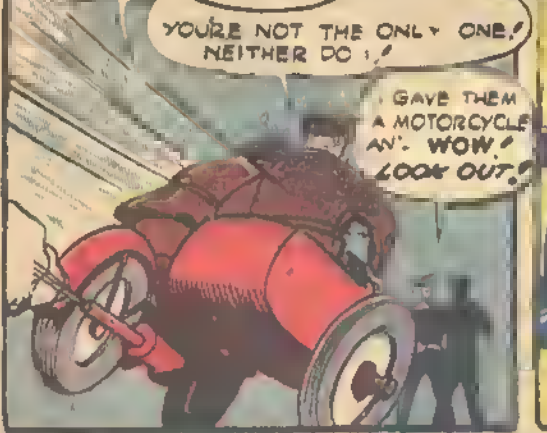


I GOT RID OF THOSE TWO TROUBLE-MAKERS, SIR.

WHERE'D YOU SEND THEM, SERGEANT?



HOLY CATS! I WISH YOU'D TAKE CHARGE OF THIS THING. SLAM! I JUST REMEMBERED-DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE A MOTOR-CYCLE.



YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE, NEITHER DO I!

GAVE THEM A MOTORCYCLE AN'- WOW! LOOK OUT!

HEY!

HOW DO YOU STOP THIS THING?

WHAT??



IF YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE THAT THING?



WITH THEM LOOSE, NOT A SINGLE MARINE ON THE ISLAND IS SAFE!

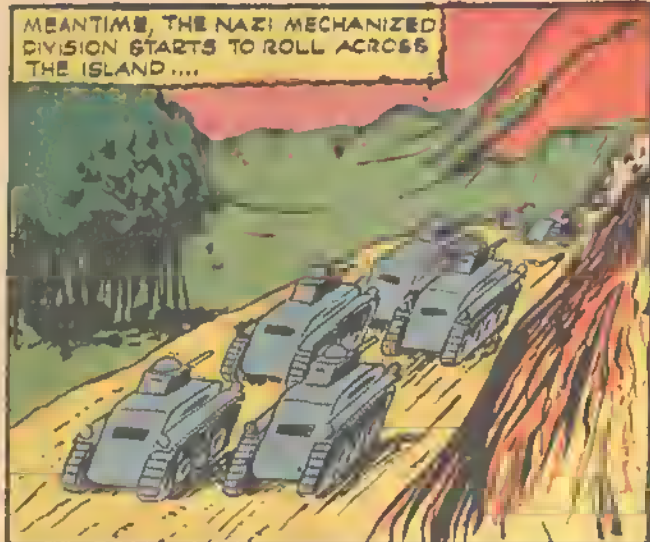
GET US A MOTORCYCLE SERGEANT! WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH THOSE FELLOW BEFORE THEY WRECK ALL OF GREENLAND!



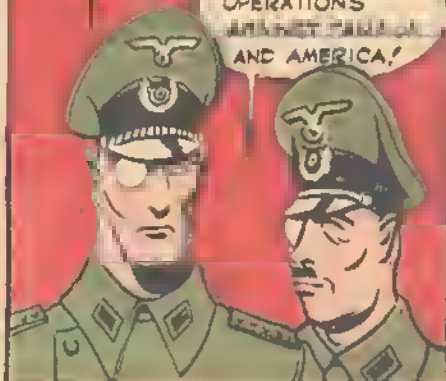
SOMETIMES I WISH WE'RE JUST A \$15 A WEEK SHOE CLERK IN PEORIA. LIFE WOULD BE MUCH SIMPLER!



MEANTIME, THE NAZI MECHANIZED DIVISION STARTS TO ROLL ACROSS THE ISLAND



SOON COMES DUCK, IT WILL BE A MAJOR! WE SHALL GREAT VICTORY, BLITZ THE DEFENDING GENERAL, FORCES EASILY! ONCE WE SEIZE GREENLAND, WE HAVE A BASE FOR OPERATIONS AGAINST CANADA AND AMERICA!



I THINK WE HAD BETTER PLACE SOME TANKS IN THE REAR SO WE WILL BE SAFE FROM A SURPRISE ATTACK!

SLIM AND SLAM, MEANWHILE, ARE HEADING TOWARDS THE GERMANS...

SOMEBODY ONCE TOLD ME THESE THINGS GET 40 MILES TO THE GALLON!

MY GOSH! DOESN'T THIS THING EVER RUN OUT OF GAS?



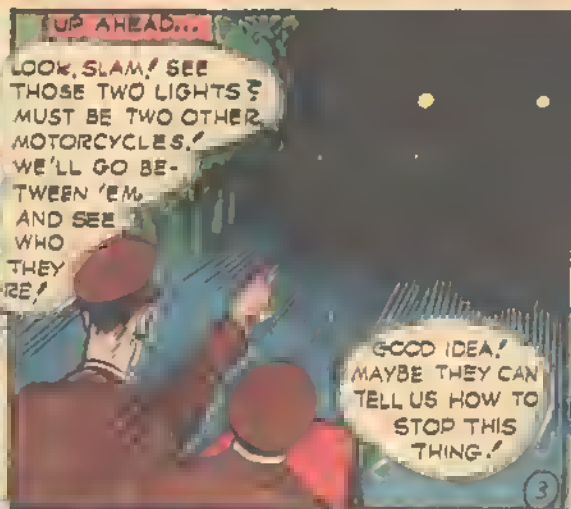
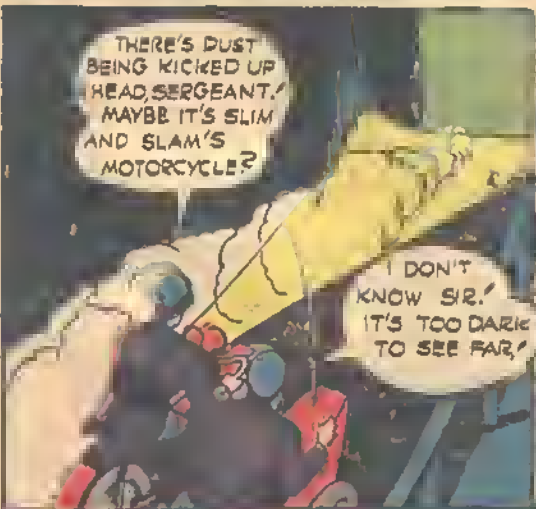
THERE'S DUST BEING KICKED UP HEAD, SERGEANT! MAYBE IT'S SLIM AND SLAM'S MOTORCYCLE?

I DON'T KNOW SIR! IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE FAR!

UP AHEAD...

LOOK, SLAM! SEE THOSE TWO LIGHTS? MUST BE TWO OTHER MOTORCYCLES! WE'LL GO BETWEEN 'EM AND SEE WHO THEY ARE!

GOOD IDEA! MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US HOW TO STOP THIS THING!





DOWN TO THE BEACH. THEY HAVE BEEN
PLANKED THE NAZI DIVISION AND ARE APPROACHING
THE BEACH.

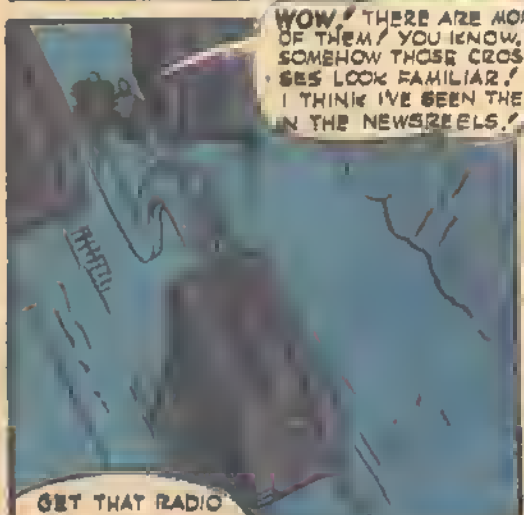
HEY, THERE ARE
FOUR LIGHTS, NOW!

MUST BE FOUR
MOTORCYCLES,
THEN!

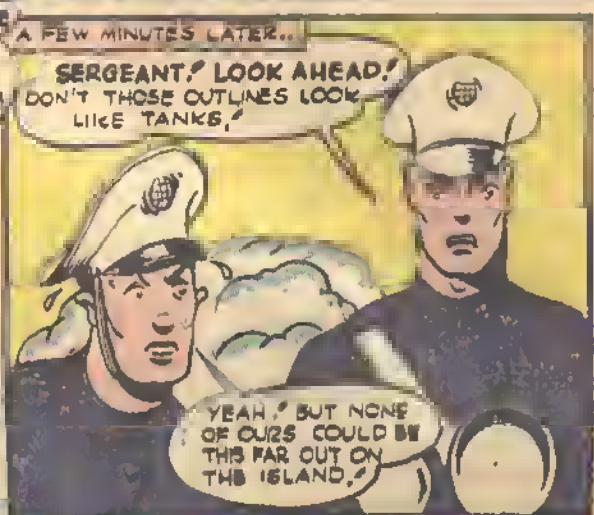


HOLY COW!
IT'S A TANK!

WHAT'S THAT
FUNNY MARK
ON THE BACK
OF IT?



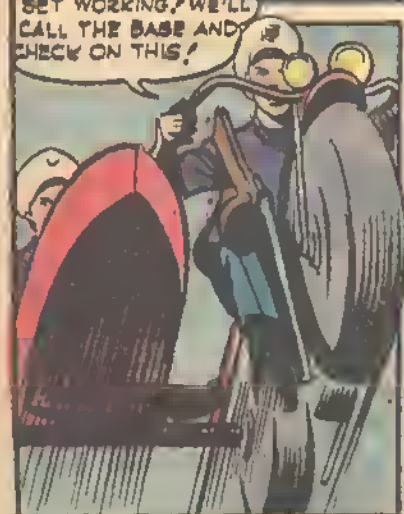
WOW, THERE ARE MORE
OF THEM! YOU KNOW,
SOMEHOW THOSE CROS-
SES LOOK FAMILIAR!
I THINK I'VE SEEN THEM
IN THE NEWSREELS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SERGEANT, LOOK AHEAD!
DON'T THOSE OUTLINES LOOK
LIKE TANKS?

YEAH, BUT NONE
OF OURS COULD BE
THIS FAR OUT ON
THE ISLAND.



GET THAT RADIO
SET WORKING, WE'LL
CALL THE BASE AND
CHECK ON THIS!



HOLY HANNIBAL!!
THEY'RE GERMAN TANKS!

CALLING
MARINE
BASE



CALLING MARINE BASE!
URGENT, CALLING MARINE
BASE!

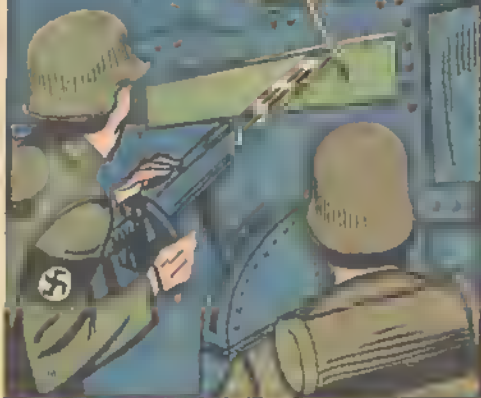
I CAN'T GET ANY
ANSWER, CAPTAIN!
WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE'RE IN AN
AWFUL
SPOT!

OMIGOSH, AINT THERE
NO END TO THIS PARADE
OF TIN-CANS ON WHEELS?



LOOK, AMERICANS, WE OPEN
FIRE ON THEM, NEIN?

JA!



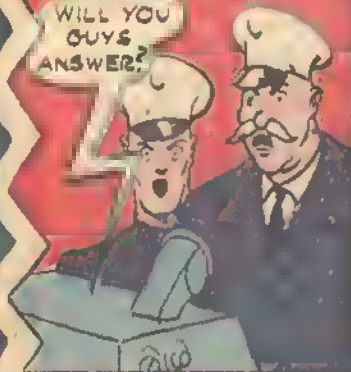
HERE, CAPTAIN!
IF YOU
CAN GET IN
TOUCH WITH THE
BASE, I CAN'T
GET ANY
RESPONSE!

OKAY,
SERGEANT!



VALOR CALLING
MARINE BASE!

WILL YOU
GUYS
ANSWER?



GERMANS INVADING FAR SIDE OF
THE ISLAND! SEND OUT MARINES
AT ONCE! IN THE MEANTIME DO
THIS—



SET UP SOME CANNONS AND
MACHINE GUNS TO YOUR MICRO-
PHONE AND LET 'EM GO WHEN
I TELL YOU TO!

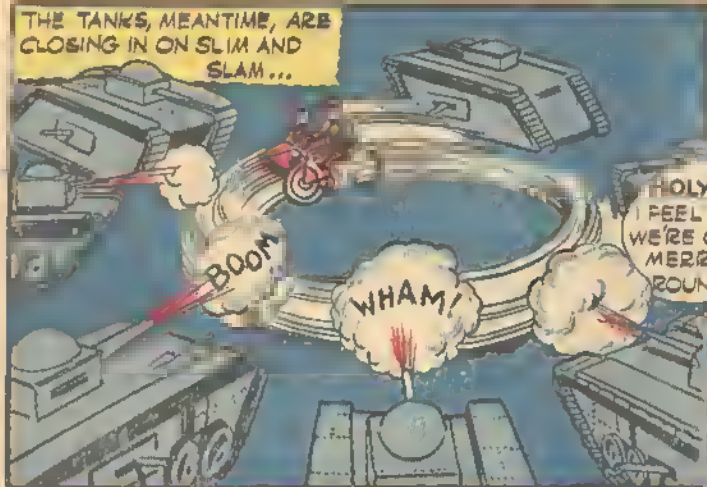
ORDER OUT
THE MARINES!
GET THOSE
CANNONS AND
MACHINE GUNS
READY!



PULL THOSE GUNS IN CLOSER!
I'LL SET THIS 'MIKE' UP IN THE
CENTER OF THEM, GET
READY FOR VALOR'S
SIGNAL!



THE TANKS, MEANTIME, ARE
CLOSING IN ON SLIM AND
SLAM...



HOLY COW!
I FEEL LIKE
WE'RE ON A
MERRYGO-
ROUND!

WELL, DON'T
TRY TO GRAB
THE RING!



WE'VE GOT TO
BREAK UP THAT
ATTACK BEFORE
SLIM AND SLAM
ARE KILLED!



'HELLO, MARINE BASE,
START THOSE GUNS
FIRING-NOW!



AT THE BASE...

HERE'S THE ORDER FROM
VALOR, OPEN FIRE!



VALOR TURNS HIS
RADIO ON FULL
BLAST AND-



BREAK UP THE
CIRCLE AND
SCATTER!

WE ARE SURROUNDED
BY ALL KINDS
OF GUNS!

SCREECH!

MADE IN
GERMANY

COMPOSED BY THE TERRIFIC DIN FROM CAPTAIN VALOR'S MICROPHONES THE NAZI TANKS BREAK FORMATION...

WE ARE BEING BLITZED FROM ALL SIDES!

DER FUEHRER SAID WE WERE THE BLITZERS, THE SIG LIAR!

RAT-TAT-TAT

BANG!

AND JUST THEN, THE AMERICAN MARINES COME UP!

HERE COME THE HEINIES, BOYS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER... HEIL HOPKINS!

HEIL ROOSEVELT!

HEIL WILLKIE!

HEIL ANYBODY, LET US OUT OF THIS!

VALOR AND THE SERGEANT PERSONALLY ROUND UP THE NAZI OFFICERS..

QUITE A DAY'S HAUL, EH, SERGEANT?

HERE ARE THE MILITARY BRAINS BEHIND THIS INVASION, SIR!

NICE WORK, CAPTAIN! WE'LL TURN THEM OVER TO THE MILITARY POLICE!

WHO ARE THESE MANIACS COMING IN THAT MOTORCYCLE?

IF THEY'RE WHO I THINK THEY ARE... DON'T ASK QUESTIONS... JUST NOW!

I'M SICK!

I'LL HAVE THOSE GUYS COURT-MARTIALED AND SHOT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

BELOW CAPTAIN VALOR AND HIS MARINES INTO A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PARADISE**!

NEVADA JONES

QUICK- TRIGGER MAN



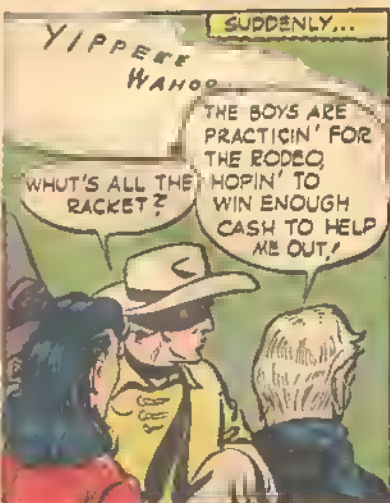
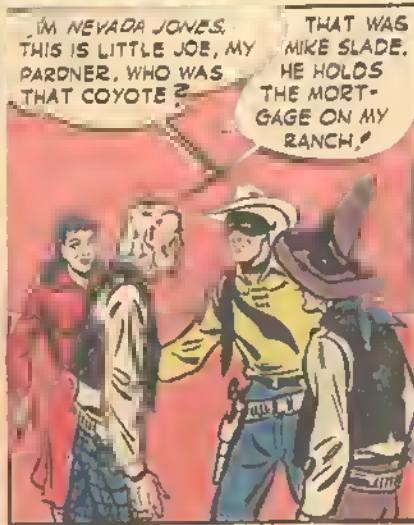
AS NEVADA JONES AND LITTLE JOE RIDE ACROSS THE PEACEFUL TEXAS PLAINS, THEY COME TO THE WILSON RANCH WHERE THIS SCENE IS TAKING PLACE....

C'MON, LITTLE JOE,
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE.

SI,
SENOR
NEVADA.

I'LL LARN YA
TO GET TOUGH
WITH MIKE SLADE.

THE QUICK TRIG-
GER MAN FIRES, AND
SLADE'S GUN IS
BLASTED FROM HIS
HAND.



SATAN, THE WILDEST HORSE ON THE WILSON RANCH,
WITH A KILLER'S REPUTATION IS BROUGHT OUT
FOR NEVADA TO RIDE



EASY, BABY!
WHOA!

AND THEN, AS NEVADA
LEAPS ASTRIDE THE
KILLING BRONCO!



STEADY, BOY!



STAY WITH HIM,
BOY!

WAAAA!

AMONG THE WATCHING
COW HANDS...

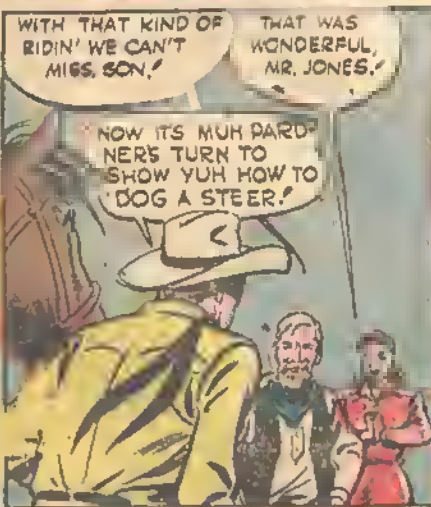
SLADE'LL WANNA HEAR
ABOUT THIS!



SLOW DOWN, SATAN! YOU CAN'T
SHAKE ME!



NINETEEN!



WITH THAT KIND OF
RIDIN' WE CAN'T
MISS, SON!

THAT WAS
WONDERFUL,
MR. JONES.

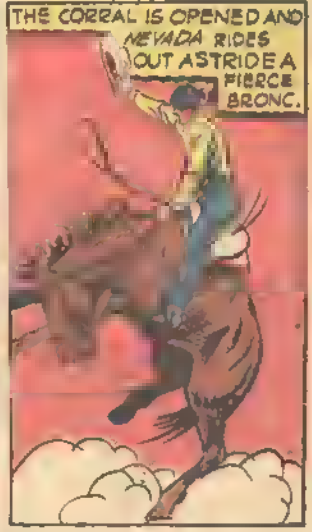
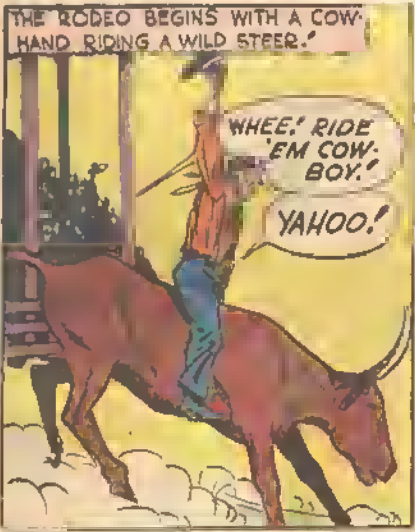
NOW ITS MUH PARD-
NERS TURN TO
SHOW YUH HOW TO
DOG A STEER!



THAT'S THE WAY, LITTLE JOE! YOU'RE
STILL THE BEST STEER-DOGGER IN
THE WEST!



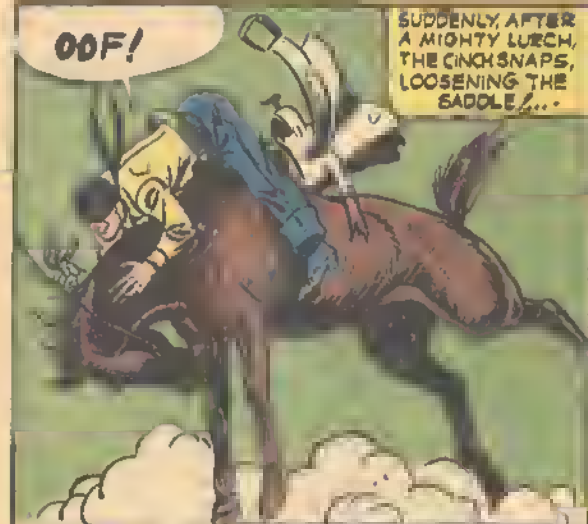
THAT NIGHT
A DARK
FIGURE
RIDES OFF
THE RANCH...



00F!

SUDDENLY, AFTER
A MIGHTY LUNCH,
THE CINCHSNAPS,
LOOSENING THE
SADDLE...

EASY BABY, I'LL
HAVE TO FINISH
THIS RIDE BARE-
BACK,



THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT, MR.
WILSON! THAT CINCH WAS
OUT, I THINK I'LL HAVE A
TALK WITH
SLADE AFTER
THE RODEO.

HE'S THE LUCKIEST CUSS I
EVER SEEN.

HIS PARTNER'S ON
NEXT, I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM MYSELF.

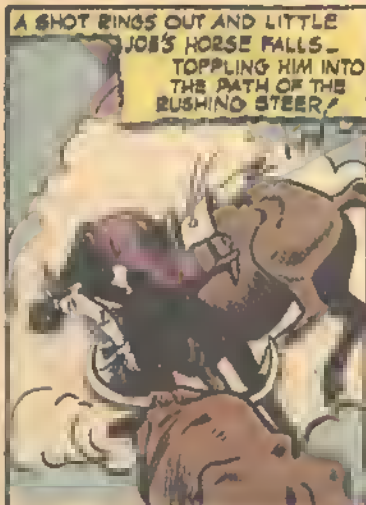
GO ON, LITTLE JOE. SHOW
'EM HOW IT'S DONE.



A SHOT RINGS OUT AND LITTLE
JOE'S HORSE FALLS -
TOPPLING HIM INTO
THE PATH OF THE
RUSHING STEER.

TWISTING DEFTLY, LITTLE JOE MANAGES
TO ESCAPE THE FLYING HOOPS AND
GOUGING HORNS.

SLADE
FIRED
THAT SHOT,
I SAW
HIM!



HERE'S SOMETHIN' FOR YOU, TOO!



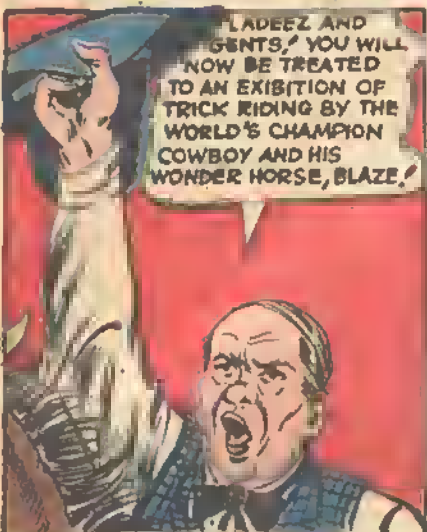
YOU'RE SO CROOKED YOU CAN'T
EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT,
SLADE!



HERE Y'ARE SHERIFF! THESE
VARMINTS ARE ALL TIED UP,
READY FOR DELIVERY TO
THE HOOSIEGOW!



LADDEEZ AND
GENTS, YOU WILL
NOW BE TREATED
TO AN EXHIBITION OF
TRICK RIDING BY THE
WORLD'S CHAMPION
COWBOY AND HIS
WONDER HORSE, BLAZE!



YIPPEE YAY,
BLAZE, AWAY!

NANNYTER!



WELL, MR. WILSON, I GUESS SLADE WON'T
BOTHER YOU ANYMORE, AND I'M SURE THIS
PRIZE MONEY WILL HELP
TIDE YOU OVER!

GEE, SON, I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
START TO THANK
YOU FOR ALL
THIS!



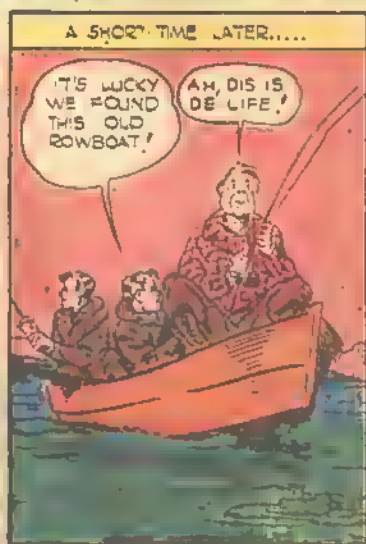
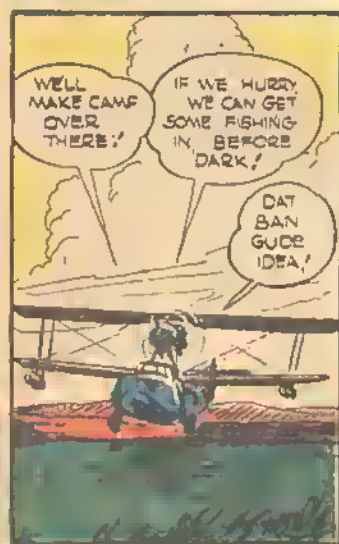
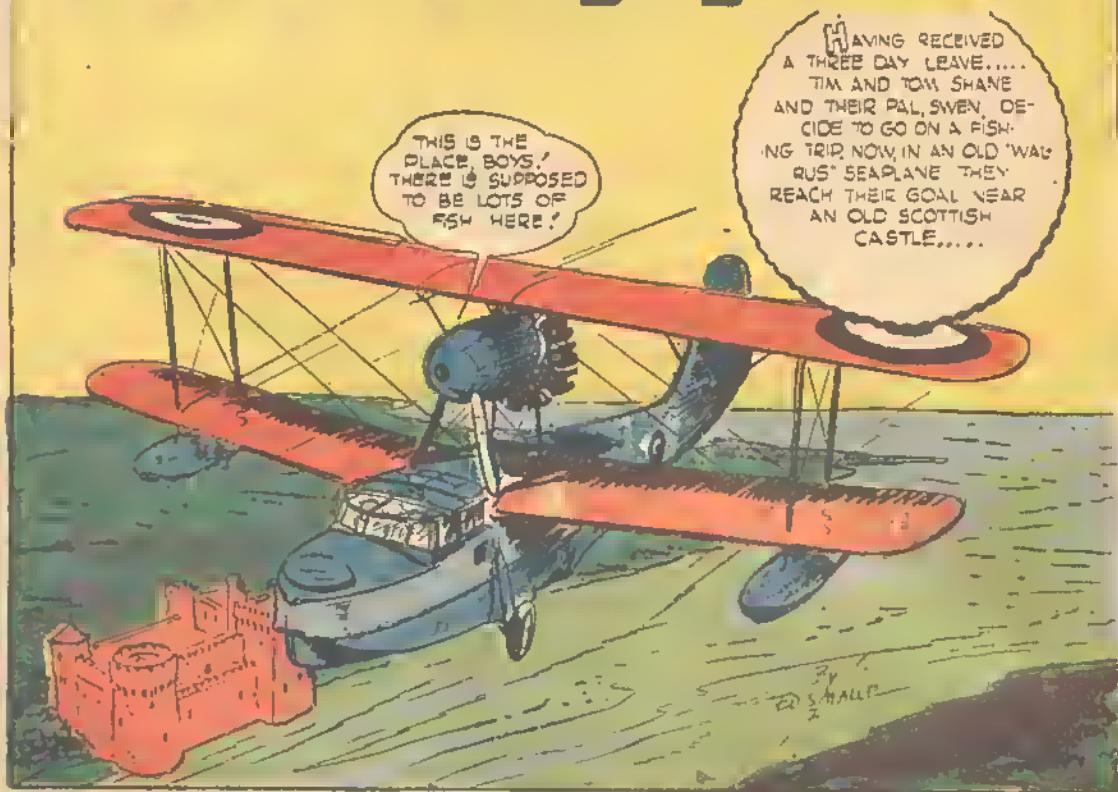
THEIR WORK DONE, NEVADA
AND LITTLE JOE
TAKE TO THE
TRAIL.



YOU'RE LOOK-
ING FOR
SOME REAL
TWO-GUN
ACTION, DON'T
FAIL TO
READ THE
FURTHER
ADVENTURES
OF
NEVADA JONES
AND
LITTLE JOE
IN
ZIP COMICS

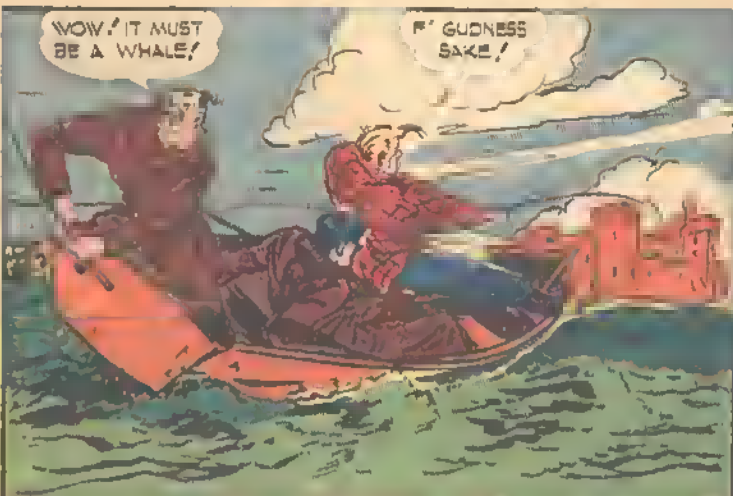
War Eagles

the devil's flying twins



WOW! IT MUST
BE A WHALE!

F! GUDNESS
SAKE!



IT'S STOPPED!
REEL IN, SWEN!
DON'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!



YOW! IT BAN
SEA DRAGON!

LEMME
SEE!



SWEN! YOU
HOOKED A
U-BOAT!

WE GOT-
TA GET
OUT OF
HERE
FAST!

BY
YUMPIN'
YIMMINY!



THE RAILING GAVE AWAY.
GET TO THE OARS
AND ROW BEFORE THE
NAZIS SEE US!



OOF!

TOO LATE!
THEY'VE
SEEN US!

THEY'RE
MANNING
THE GUN!



JUMP
FOR
YOUR
LIVES!

BOOM!



HEY
JUMPED
OUT! QUICK
AFTER DEM!





WHEN FOOD IS BROUGHT, THE
TWIN'S ARE READY....

VATE!
WHERE'S
DER UDDER
VUN?

GIFF IT TO
HIM GUDE,
TOM!

HERE
I AM,
FRITZY!

HALP!

QUIET, PUNK!

OH, OH...MORE
GUARDS! THEY
MUST'VE HEARD
THAT GUY
SQUAWK!

GUDE
SHOOTING,
TOM!

GRAB THOSE GUNS,
QUICK! THERE'S
MORE OF 'EM
COMING!

TIM AND TOM FIGHT THEIR WAY UP
THE STAIRS.....

THOSE SHOTS
AROUS'D THE
WHOLE BUNCH
OF 'EM! WE'RE
TRAPPED!

QUICK!
THROUGH
THIS DOOR-
WAY!

THERE'S A
DOOR LEADING
OUTSIDE!

GOOD!..SWEN,
BARRICADE THIS
DOOR WITH
THOSE BARRELS
OF OIL!

BUT, AS TIM STARTS THROUGH THE
SECOND DOOR....

WE'RE ON
THE WATER SIDE
OF THE CASTLE!
OH, OH, MACHINE
GUNS!



THEY'VE GOT US IN
A CROSS-FIRE! WE'LL
NEVER GET ACROSS
THAT BALCONY
ALIVE!



MAYBE NOT THE THREE
OF US, BUT ONE OF US
MUST GET THROUGH
TO THE ADMIRALTY!
I'M GOING TO TRY IT!



TIM DASHES FROM THE DOORWAY...



HE MUST NOT
ESCAPE!
SHOOT TO KILL!



YEAH!
THEY GOT
TIM!



BY GAR!
DEY CAN'T
DO DAT TO
TIM, I'LL...

HOLD IT, SWEN!
WE BETTER
JUST ST TIGHT,
AND GET AS
MANY OF 'EM
AS WE CAN!



HA! DAT
TEACHES DEM
A LESSON! NOW,
VE JUST WAIT
UND STARVE
DEM QUD!
UND DEN...

I GEDT IT, VEN
DEY SURREN-
DER VE KILL
DEM!



MUCH LATER...

SWEN, WE MIGHT
AS WELL GIVE
UP, BUT WAIT...
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

IT BAN
SOUND
LIKE
AIRPLANE,
TOM!



IT..IS!
IT'S TIM!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



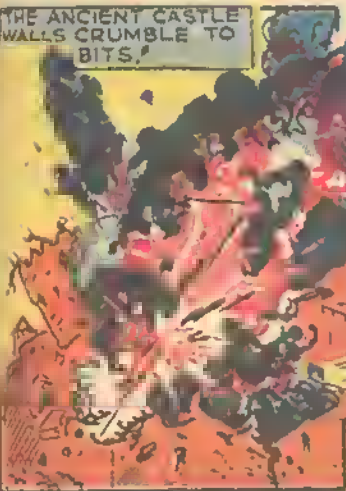
TIM DIVES ON THE NAZIS...

AHA! THE
BOYS HAVEN'T
GIVEN UP
YET!



...AND DROPS HIS BOMBS!

KEEP YOUR
CHINS UP,
FELLAS!



THE ANCIENT CASTLE
WALLS CRUMBLE TO
BITS!



NOW, IF THEY'LL ONLY
KNOW ENOUGH TO
MAKE A BREAK FOR
IT!



GOOD BOYS!
THERE THEY GO!
GOOD THING TOO,
THOSE BARRELS
OF OIL WILL
CATCH FIRE
SOON!



TIM LANDS THE SHIP AND PICKS UP
TOM AND SWEN...

TIM, WE
THOUGHT THEY
GOT YOU!
I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER!

THEN, MY ACT
WAS GOOD, EH?
BOY, LOOK!
THERE GOES
THE CASTLE!



WELL, I GUESS
WE WON'T HAVE
TO BOTHER THE
ADMIRALTY
AFTER ALL!

DOTS GUDE!
NOW, WE
CAN GO BACK
TO FISHING!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
THE DEVIL'S TWINS IN
ZIP COMICS!